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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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ANDREW WARNER DROWNED SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

His Companions, Frightened, Delay Getting Help.

BODY IN WATER OVER AN HOUR.

Harry Lyman Finds Body With Pike Pole and Everell Chadwick Dives and Brings Body to Shore—Efforts to Recuscitate Were Fruitless—Russell Chapman and Roy Lyman Were His Companions—Fire Alarm Summoned Aid.

Andrew, the 19-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Warner of this place was drowned last Sunday afternoon while he and two companions were bathing in Potato creek in a hole known as the old Ault dam, about a third of a mile south of the Pennsylvania depot at East Smethport and a short distance east of the abandoned Ramer brickyards.

Young Warner, accompanied by Russell Chapman, aged 16 years, and Roy Lyman, aged 12 years, started for the swimming pool between 2:30 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Upon reaching the spot all three undressed and one of the boys got hold of an old raft and shoved it up to the apron of the old dam where Warner and the other boy got on. They shoved the raft out into the middle of the pool and all stood on the edge of the raft and fell forward, taking what is known as a "belly-smasher" into the water.

When the boys recovered from the splash Young Chapman says he heard Warner cry for help and swam over to the apron, a distance of about 20 feet and after two or three attempts finally succeeded in getting a plank loose and shoved it to his companion who was in trouble. But at about that time Warner sank for the last time. Up to this time Young Lyman did not realize that Warner was having trouble.

The boys, according to Chapman's story, then waited a minute or two for Warner to appear again and hurriedly dressed and came up town to give the alarm, passing in their route of nearly a mile fifteen or twenty houses and several men, so badly frightened were they by the terrible accident.

As soon as the facts were made known the fire alarm was sounded and a large crowd of men and boys hastened to the spot in all kinds of vehicles and the work of dragging the hole was started.

Harry Lyman, an older brother of Roy, got on the raft and with a long pike pole commenced sounding the bottom of the deepest part of the hole while others did likewise from the apron of the dam and banks of the hole, while others waded and swam about trying to locate the body.

Finally Harry Lyman felt something with his pole which he thought was the body and Everell Chadwick son of Dr. Burg Chadwick, volunteered to go down and investigate. He dove off the apron, swam out to the raft and, after receiving directions from Harry Lyman, went down again. After what seemed to the spectators like several minutes, but probably wasn't over one minute, Everell came to the surface, shook himself and announced that he had him, and after taking hold of the raft with his free hand he raised the other in which he held a hand of Young Warner. Harry Lyman relieved Chadwick of his burden and Everell climbed onto the raft. Paul Quinlisk in the meantime swam out to the raft and with the assistance of a pike pole shoved out by people on the apron they were towed to the apron where the body was taken in charge by several men, including the father of the unfortunate young man, and under the direction of Guy McCoy efforts were made to resuscitate him, but after fifteen or twenty minutes of strenuous work hope was abandoned and the body was removed to Undertaker Sasse's rooms on Union street, and Coroner Sherman of Bradford was notified.

Coroner Sherman came here Monday morning and viewed the remains and questioned the two boys who were with the unfortunate boy when he lost his life. His questions brought forth the facts as above stated together with the fact that the boys must have been badly rattled to have taken the time to fully dress themselves and then travel the distance they did before they informed anyone what had happened. Aside from being surprised that these boys should show such a lack of good judgment the Coroner was perfectly satisfied with the stories told by them and concluded that an inquest was unnecessary.

Andrew was a fairly good swimmer and the only way his drowning can be accounted for is that he was taken with a cramp which rendered him helpless to such an extent that he lost his head and therefore was unable to swim the short distance that would have taken him to shallow water.

The death of this young man is an unusually hard blow to his family, for only a short time ago the older brother of this boy died under distressing circumstances, and Mr. and Mrs. Warner have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

Andrew Warner, who was 19 years of age the 25th day of last April, was a bright, intelligent young fellow, who possessed a retiring disposition and therefore was not very well known about town. He is said to have possessed unusual talent in drawing and cartoonist work and had just finished a correspondence course in this line and had accepted a position in Jamestown, N. Y., in this line of work and had intended to leave for that place this week.

The funeral services were held at the house Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Frank Jackson of Hazelhurst officiating and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

J. S. McCARTHY INJURED.

Cuts Foot Badly While Searching for Body of Andrew Warner.

Last Sunday afternoon while assisting in the search for the body of Andrew Warner, J. S. McCarthy, our popular meat dealer, cut his right foot quite badly on an old rusty spike that was sticking up in the apron of the dam where the boy was drowned.

He, as well as several others had removed his shoes and stockings, to assist in the hunt and while walking along the apron he stepped on the spike with his full weight. It entered the bottom of his foot near the instep and held him sufficiently to throw him off his balance, pitching him headlong into the water. The force of the fall pulled the spike out of his foot, but not until it had torn an ugly wound, reaching nearly to his toes.

He was assisted to the road where he was taken into an automobile and carried to his home on King street, where he received medical attention and was made as comfortable as possible. At this writing he is quite lame and confined to the house, but if blood poisoning does not set in he probably will be able to be about in the course of a few days.

A CORRECTION.

Regarding the Qualifications of Voters at the Next Election.

In our article of last week under the head of "Some Handy Information for Voters," we made one or two slight mistakes which we hasten to correct.

In one place we stated that a voter 21 years of age or upwards must have paid a state or county tax within two years. This should have read 22 years or upwards.

The other mistake was regarding assessing and paying of taxes. In all election districts outside of Bradford, where personal registration is required, the law is the same as in previous years. But in Bradford city it is as we published it last week.

A WARNING.

To Persons To Avoid Trespassing on Property of N. W. Neinemann.

On Monday night a portable house and barn containing a yoke of oxen and a horse were burned up on the Heinemann wood job near Crosby by some unknown person unknown and therefore Mr. Heinemann gives warning that all persons caught trespassing on his lands or property will be dealt with according to law.

2t N. W. HEINEMANN.

Subscribe for The Miner.

WM. HILLWIG A SUICIDE.

He Kills Himself in Bradford Last Friday Afternoon.

William Hillwig, a young man who for a number of years had been employed by the Manufacturers' Gas company, committed suicide at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, by sending a bullet from a 32-calibre revolver through his head, says Tuesday's Star-Record.

Shortly before 4 o'clock young Hillwig entered the Black Bear hotel and asked for a sheet of letter paper. After securing the paper, he borrowed a lead pencil and going into the hotel office wrote a letter and placed it in his coat pocket. He then passed through the bar room and entered the hotel lavatory. A moment later, the men who were in the bar room heard a muffled report, but paid no particular attention to the noise. Shortly afterward a young man entered the lavatory and was horrified to find Hillwig in a sitting position with his head dropped forward and blood flowing from a wound in his right temple. The man was still breathing and was hastily carried from the lavatory into an alley at the rear of the hotel. Dr. Johnston responded to a call, but could do nothing for the unfortunate man.

Coroner Sherman was summoned and after questioning the men who were in the hotel, concluded that an inquest would be unnecessary. The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Koch and removed to his establishment. The letter written by Hillwig just before he killed himself was addressed to a young woman friend, but contained nothing of importance.

It was learned that Hillwig purchased the revolver and cartridges Monday afternoon. The gun was a new one and there were three cartridges in the cylinder. Hillwig's friends had noticed that he had been depressed for several days, but the cause of the depression is not known. Hillwig was married, but for some time had not lived with his wife. He was 25 years of age, and had lived in Bradford since boyhood.

In addition to his widow and one son, deceased is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hillwig; one brother, C. F. Hillwig, and two sisters Mrs. M. Hanson of Cleveland, O. and Mrs. [illegible] of this city.

SAM BELL MAKES HIT.

At Large Banquet of Oil Men in Wichita Falls, Texas.

The Wichita Daily Times of Wichita Falls, Texas, of July 31, contains a lengthy account of a banquet given at the Westland hotel by the proprietor, Wiley Wyatt, in honor of the large number of oil men attracted to that city by the development of the Electra oil field. The following were in attendance: R. O. Murphy, W. Va.; E. L. Fairbanks, Okla.; Carl Benson, Kansas; T. J. Woods, Illinois; Joseph H. Evans, Pa.; J. P. Cappeau, Jr., Pittsburgh; W. A. Forrester, Oil City, Pa.; Geo. F. Bumbaugh, Clarion, Pa.; J. E. Bahan, Texas; Bert Leonard, Pa.; Turner Overman, Indiana; Ned Nuff, Ohio; Ted Smith, Pa.; A. A. Little, Kansas; J. H. Haskins, Ohio; J. F. O'Donahoe of the Dailey Oil Co.; Samuel E. Bell, M. D. Bell and W. W. Bell of Smethport, Pa.; Wm. L. Alexander, Ohio; and A. H. Carrigan, F. H. Day, F. H. Gohlke, R. E. Huff and Ed Howard of Wichita Falls.

Of the banquet the Daily Times refers to the well known Smethport producer, Samuel E. Bell, as follows:

"Mr. Samuel E. Bell acted as master of ceremonies, and subsequent events proved that in making this selection no mistake had been made. In his opening address he was very complimentary to Wichita Falls, her future as a manufacturing and commercial center, and the splendid enterprise put forth by her citizens through her splendid chamber of commerce. He was also very complimentary in his praise of the Westland and the spirit of enterprise that must have prompted its owner in the construction of such a magnificent and handsomely equipped hotel in a city of 10,000 population—a hotel that is equal to and the superior to many in cities of larger and tougher population. He concluded his remarks with the following:

"I stood upon the ocean's briny shore, and with a fragile reed I wrote: 'Long Live the Westland.' The cruel waves rolled by and blotted out the faint impression. Frail reed; cruel waves; I'll trust thee no more, out with a giant hand I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shores its tallest pine and dipping its top in the crater of Vesuvius I'll write upon the high and burnished heavens: 'Long Live the Westland,' and now I would like to see some doggone waye come along and wash that out."

BEAUTIFUL GIRL RESCUED.

Found Bound and Gagged With Rope Drawn About Her Neck.

Washington, Pa., Aug. 4.—Frightened away before he had a chance to carry off his victim, a kidnapper left Beatrice Heckman, the daughter of wealthy and prominent H. D. Heckman, blindfolded, bound and gagged on the rear doorstep of their home in fashionable Allison avenue to-day.

Several days ago Mr. Heckman received a letter purporting to come from a member of the Black Hand saying that if he did not leave $1,000 in a stated spot his daughter Beatrice would be kidnapped. He did not place the money as instructed. Instead he engaged a guard.

This morning, in the absence of the guard, a man came to the rear door, grabbed Miss Heckman, bound and gagged and blindfolded her. She swooned and he started to carry her away when the approach of a milkman forced him to flee.

That a more sinister crime than kidnapping was contemplated is indicated by the fact that Miss Heckman's assailant knotted a rope around her neck and when found she was almost choked to death.

Physicians worked over the victim several hours however before they succeeded in resuscitating her.

Mr. Heckman stated to-night that one clue had offered itself to the police, who are now working on the theory that a rejected suitor was responsible for both the letter and the attack on the girl.

Miss Heckman, some weeks ago received a letter from a former sweetheart in which the writer said he would kill Miss Heckman if she persisted in her rejection of his matrimonial offers. The officers smile at the suggestion of a "Black Hand" plot.

WARM COUNCIL MEETING.

Report of Fire Alarm Committee's Trip to Bradford the Cause.

Our city dads met at the council rooms last Monday evening and aside from paying some bills and other routine business the evening was taken up with the report of the committee on a new fire alarm who paid an official visit to Bradford and the bills thereto attached.

On a recent Saturday afternoon this committee paid an official visit to Bradford, as noted in The Miner at that time, to inspect air compressors, and after their official business was transacted the committee became separated and when it came time to go home one of them had lost the rest of the bunch. After some inquiry he decided his companions had gone home and left him and so he hired another automobile to take him home. He arrived in Smethport in due time and a few minutes later the rest of the party came in with their original conveyance.

The above incident created some little feeling at the time, but when the last one presented a bill of $10 for his private conveyance home a mighty howl went up and after considerable heated debate the bill was laid on the table for further consideration. And the end is not yet.

HORSE STOLEN.

Taken From Pasture Near Bradford Last Night—Headed This Way.

Sheriff Morrison received word this morning that a horse had been stolen last night from a pasture in Lafferty Hollow, near Bradford, and the parties asked him to keep a lookout for the thief as he was headed this way.

The horse, which is a dapple grey, with a brand mark on the shoulder and weighs about 1300 pounds, belongs to Frank Silvertine, who is assisting every effort possible to apprehend the thief. Sheriff Morrison left a short time ago for Farmers Valley to see if he could get any trace of the missing animal.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Wm. Scott of Simpson was in town Saturday.

Lynford Crone spent Sunday at his home in Rixford.

J. B. Oviatt of Norwich had business in town yesterday.

Sylvanus Pierce is visiting his parents at East Smethport.

C. A. Anderson of Colegrove, had business in town Monday.

Miss Jane McQuiston of Rixford is the guest of Mrs. S. E. Bell.

Fotser Studholme of Olean was a visitor in town this week.

Mrs. Frank Dunbar spent Sunday with her husband at Olean.

C. M. Colegrove was a business visitor in Port Allegany Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Bodmmer of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. Burg Chadwick.

Morris Hungiville of Rixford spent Sunday with Smethport relatives.

Herman Digel of Coleville was a business visitor in town Saturday.

Wm. J. Kerr and Wm. Monheimer are New York city visitors this week.

Mrs. W. P. Mitchell left Friday for her future home in Gibbsboro, N. J.

Miss Gertrude Chisholm of Austin is visiting her brother, James Chisholm.

George Campbell was the guest of relatives and friends in Perry, N. Y., last week.

Miss Mazie Hanley of Pittsburgh is the guest of relatives and friends in this place.

Mrs. L. Steinhauer of Farmers Valley visited friends in town the first of the week.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned home Saturday from a visit with friends in Tidioute, Pa.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago is home for a visit with his mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

Mrs. A. W. Cutler of Oneonta, N. Y., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus.

Scott F. Redfield left Monday evening on a business visit to New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Seger and son, Arthur, of New York city are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry DuChamp and neice left for Buffalo yesterday in their automobile.

Miss Edna Crowes returned home Tuesday after spending a few days with Olean friends.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton and children are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Miller at Buffalo.

Everell Chadwick returned home from a visit with relatives in Canisteo, N. Y., on Friday.

MacArthur Gorton is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton.

Miss Flossie Orvis of Roulette is the guest of Miss Bessie Curran at her home on King street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Newman, who have been in Syracuse for some time are home for the summer.

William Lunn and family of Mt. Jewett were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Halpenny this week.

Miss Iva Holder left Saturday for Hornell, where she will visit Miss Hazel Hopper for two weeks.

Miss Nettie Duntley who has been visiting in Buffalo for the past few weeks, returned home Tuesday.

Miss Adelaide Harbough and Miss Dulls Boyer of Hagerstown, Md., are the guests of Enos Carr and family.

Miss Anna Sporer of Niagara Falls who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. J. Masser, left for her home to-day.

Mark M. Pomeroy and Payson Bard of Port Allegany were calling on friends in town Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Larned, son, Samuel, and daughter, Gertrude, of Syracuse, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. S. F. Redfield.

Charles Beckwith and sons, Stuart and Frank, of Norwich visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hopper Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry, Mrs. T. H. Morrison and Clarence Sporer left for Buffalo Wednesday in Mr. Fry's automobile.

Mrs. H. Bowen and children, Jack and Isabelle, of Bradford are the guests of Mrs. Bowen's sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph DuChamp and daughter have returned home from Pittsburg where they have been for several weeks.

Charles Masser has gone to Hamilton, Ohio, to join Mrs. Masser who has been the guest of relatives there for several weeks.

Mrs. A. H. Gaffney, of Kane and Byron Badger and daughter, Miss Viola, of this place left for Jamestown, N. Y., Tuesday where they will be the guests of relatives for some time. The trip was made in the former's touring car.

Miss Ada Hewitt of New York city is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hewitt of Farmers Valley.

Miss Ruth Hungerford returned home Saturday from Rixford where she has been visiting relatives and friends for some time.

J. C. Backus and Joseph Wirt left on Tuesday for Buffalo, returning home yesterday, with a new E. M. F. runabout for Mr. Wirt.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Allen and children who have been the guests of Mrs. N. M. Day, have returned to their home in Franklin, Pa.

Miss Caroline Moore who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Armstrong returned to her home in Emporium last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gaffney, son, Joe, and Winfield Badger of Kane were guests of relatives and friends in town the first of this week.

Miss Edna Anderson of Colegrove is visiting Miss Ellanorah Colegrove this week. Miss Colegrove spent a few days in Colegrove last week.

Theodore Steinhauer, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity for the past week, returned Saturday to his home in LaJunta, Colo.

Mrs. Elvira Chadwick and daughter, Helen, returned to their home in Niagara Falls on Friday after a short visit with realtives and friends in this place.

Claud Shattuck has returned home from a visit to the Adirondack Mountains. Mrs. Shattuck and son, Richard, will continue their visit there for some time.

Richard and Louise Schwab who have been visiting at the home of their aunt, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth, for some time returned to their home in Bradford Friday.

Mrs. F. J. Davis who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. T. H. Morrison, returned to her home in Bradford last Thursday, accompanied by her grandson, Tom Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Camp, Mr. and Mrs. John Walker and Ed Walker left Tuesday evening for a visit with relatives and friends at New Castle, Pa., making the trip in the Camp automobile.

Mrs. J. B. Oviatt of Norwich left yesterday for Boston where she will visit friends. At Buffalo she was joined by her brother, William Kimball, and family of McKees Rocks, Pa., who accompany her on her visit.

MUST TAG DOGS.

May Be Killed by Constable of District if Not Properly Tagged.

The Act of Assembly approved by Governor Tener on June 15, and known as No. 782, amends the act for the taxation of dogs throughout the State in most material points. It provides that all dogs shall wear a collar and tag, which shall be furnished by the county commissioners at the time of the payment of the dog tax.

It also provides that should the owner of the dog neglect to pay the tax assessed upon his dog or dogs and comply with the provisions of the act it shall be the duty of the proper tax collector to give written notice to the owner that if he fails to pay said tax and comply with the act within ten days that the dog will thereupon be killed by the constable of the proper district. The tax collector is to be paid 25 cents by the county commissioners for serving this notice and a failure to perform his duty will subject him to a penalty of $2 in each case.

At the last commencement of the Lock Haven State Normal School, a handsome tower clock, and a 3500 pound bell was dedicated. They were presented by Mr. Wilson Kistler, a philanthropic citizen of Lock Haven and they are in every respect first class. The entire expense involving an expenditure of about $4,000. This is an evidence of the esteem in which the school is held by the best citizens of its home community, but it has a state-wide reputation as well as reference to its finely illustrated catalog will show. The fall term of 15 weeks begins Sept. 11th. Write for catalog.

Advertise in The Miner.

HYGEIA AT THE SOLITO

By O. HENRY

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If you are knowing in the chronicles of the ring you will recall to mind an event in the early nineties when for a minute and some odd seconds a champion and a would-be champion faced each other on the alien side of an international river. So brief a conflict had rarely imposed upon the fair promise of true sport. The champion merely smote his victim, turned his back upon him, remarking, "I know what I done to dat stiff," and extended an arm like a ship's mast for his glove to be removed.

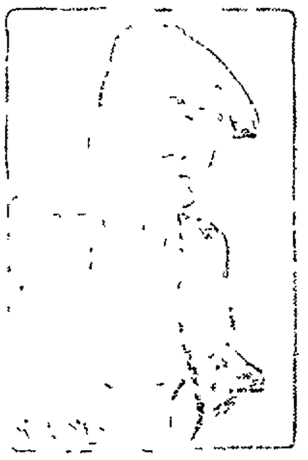
Which accounts for a trainload of extremely disgusted gentlemen in an uproar of fancy vests and neckwear being spewed from their Pullmans in San Antonio in the early morning following the fight, which also partly accounts for the unhappy predicament in which "Cricket" McGuire found himself as he tumbled from his car and sat upon the depot platform torn by a spasm of that hollow racking cough so familiar to San Antonian ears. At that time, in the uncertain light of dawn, there was passed Curtis Raidler, the Nueces county cattleman. May his shadow never measure under six feet two. The cattleman, out this early to catch the southbound for his ranch station, stopped at the side of the distressed patron of sport and spoke in the [illegible] drawl of his kind and region, "[illegible]?"

[illegible] weight [illegible] power of [illegible] ran [illegible] without [illegible] telegraph pole [illegible]

[illegible] him and [illegible] white [illegible] chairs [illegible]

[illegible] in [illegible] quat [illegible] coughed [illegible] sure [illegible] on and could [illegible] the saw dust in [illegible] joint of Jimmy D[illegible] Eden-stable [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible] at f[illegible] would [illegible] your [illegible] ranch,



[illegible]

said the cattleman, "and stay till you get well. Six months 'll fix you good as new." He lifted McGuire with one hand and half dragged him in the direction of the train.

"What about the money?" said McGuire, struggling weakly to escape.

"Money for what?" asked Raidler, puzzled.

Passengers on the southbound wondered at the linking of two such antipodes. McGuire was five feet one, with a countenance belonging to either Yokohama or Dublin. Bright beady of eye, bony of cheek and jaw, scarred, toughened, broken and reknit, indestructible, grisly, gladiatorial as a hornet, he was a type neither new nor unfamiliar. Raidler represented the union of the west and south. Few accurate pictures of his kind have ever been made.

At Rincon, a hundred miles from San Antonio, they left the train for a buckboard. In this they traveled the thirty miles between the station and their destination.

"Well, here we are at home," said Raidler cheeringly.

"It's a devil of a looking place," said McGuire promptly as he rolled upon the gallery floor in a fit of coughing.

"We'll try to make it comfortable for you, buddy," said the cattleman gently. "This'll be your room in here. Anything we got you ask for it." He led McGuire into the east room. The floor was bare and clean. White curtains waved in the gulf breeze through the open windows. A big willow rocker, two straight chairs, a long table covered with newspapers, pipes, tobacco, spurs and cartridges stood in the center. A [illegible] cot [illegible] stood [illegible] corner. McGuire spun a nickel.

"[illegible] about the money," did you? Well, you can frisk me if you want to. Dat's the last simoleon in the treasury. Who's going to pay?"

The cattleman looked steadily from under his grizzly brows into the huckleberry optics of his guest. After a little he said simply, "I'll be much obliged to you, son, if you won't mention money any more. Folks I ask to

[illegible]

my ranch don't have to pay [illegible] and they [illegible] ever [illegible] Supper [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] for things [illegible] [illegible] I never [illegible] up for [illegible] a [illegible]

[illegible] Mexican [illegible] quickly [illegible] Spanish.

[illegible] proud [illegible] position of vaquero on the San Carlos range at the fall rode[o]

Si, senor, such was your goodness.

[illegible] He is very sick [illegible] [illegible] things. Have [illegible] with [illegible] and what [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] ranch [illegible]

[illegible] Raidler.

Th[illegible] he [illegible] [illegible] that the windows [illegible] [illegible] cigarettes and [illegible] telegraph.

Raidler took a quart bottle of whisky from his moldy medicine cabinet. "Here take a dose of this," he said.

Thus was instituted the reign of terror at the Solito ranch. For a few weeks McGuire blustered and boasted and swaggered before the cowpunchers who drifted for miles around to see this latest importation of Raidler's. He was an absolutely new experience to them. He explained to them all the intricate points of sparring and the tricks of training and defense. He opened to their minds views of the low [illegible] of a tagger after professional sports. His jargon of slang was a continuous joy and surprise to them. He was like a being from a new world.

Some two months after his arrival he began to [illegible] that he felt worse. It was then that he became the ranch's incubus, its harpy, its Old Man of the Sea. A flush on his prominent cheek bones each afternoon hinted that a clinical thermometer might have revealed a symptom and percussion might have established the fact that McGuire was breathing with only one lung, but his appearance remained the same. The air—the man's only chance for life—he commanded to be kept out by closed windows and drawn curtains. The room was always foul with cigarette smoke.

The attitude of the invalid toward the cattleman was something like that of a peevish, perverse child toward an indulgent parent. When Raidler would leave the ranch McGuire would fall into a fit of malevolent, silent sullenness. When he returned he would be met by a string of violent and stinging reproaches.

One day Raidler said to him: "Try more air, son. You can have the buckboard and a driver every day if you'll go. Close to the ground—that's where the medicine in the air stays. Try a little hossback riding now. There's a gentle pony"—

"What've I done to yer?" screamed McGuire. "Did I ever double cross yer? Did I ask you to bring me here? Drive me out to yer camps if you wanter or stick a knife in me and save trouble. Ride! I couldn't sidestep a jab from a five-year-old kid. That's what your ranch has done for me."

It was Chad Murchison, a cow puncher from the Circle Bar outfit, who first suggested that McGuire's illness was fraudulent.

"His arm," said Chad, "is harder'n a diamond. He interduced me to what he called a shore perplexus punch, and 'twas like bein' kicked twice by a mustang. He's playin' it low down on you, Curt. He ain't no sicker'n I am."

One day about noon two men drove up to the ranch, alighted, hitched and came in to dinner, standing and general invitations being the custom of the country. One of them was a great San Antonio doctor whose costly services had been engaged by a wealthy cowman who had been laid low by an accidental bullet. He was now being driven to the station to take the train back to town. After dinner Raidler took him aside, pushed a twenty dollar bill against his hand and said:

"Doc, there's a young chap in that room I guess has got a bad case of consumption. I'd like for you to look him over and see just how bad he is."

"How much was that dinner I just ate, Mr. Raidler?" said the doctor bluntly, looking over his spectacles. Raidler returned the money to his pocket. The doctor entered McGuire's room, and the cattleman waited, ready to reproach himself in the event the verdict should be unfavorable.

In ten minutes the doctor came briskly out. "Your man," he said promptly, "is as sound as a new dollar. His lungs are better than mine. [illegible] temperature and pulse normal. Chest expansion four inches. Not a sign of weakness anywhere. Of course I didn't examine for the bacillus, but it isn't there. You can put my name to the diagnosis."

[illegible] standing [illegible] was at hand and the next morning Ross Hargis, [illegible] of the outfit [illegible] [illegible] ranch [illegible] to start for the San Carlos [illegible] where the [illegible] was to [illegible]. By [illegible] o'clock the horses were [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] cowpunchers [illegible] [illegible] McGuire [illegible] and threw [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] said the cattleman [illegible]

[illegible] McGuire [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] stood [illegible]

Say, fine [illegible] cried McGuire wildly [illegible] I'll croak if I get to hustle. What've I done to yer [illegible] his throat [illegible] I never [illegible] yer to—

[illegible] called Raidler. McGuire [illegible] into his clothes.

Take this man," said Raidler to Ross Hargis, "and put him to work. Make him work hard, sleep hard and eat hard. You boys know what I've done for him and he was welcome. Yesterday the best doctor in San Antonio examined him and says he's got the lungs of a burro and the constitution of a steer."

[illegible] McGuire [illegible] [illegible] all right did he [illegible] You [illegible] to me [illegible] [illegible] I know [illegible] Well, fred [illegible] I'll go work for yer. Here's where you [illegible]

He sprang into the saddle easily as a bird, got the quirt from the horn and gave his pony a slash with it. [illegible] who once brought in Good [illegible] had his feet in the stirrups [illegible] McGuire [illegible] as they dashed away for San Carlos and the cowpunchers gave a yell of applause as they closed in behind him.

But in less than a mile he had lagged to the rear and was last man when they struck the patch of high chaparral below the horse pens. He [illegible] of this he drew rein and [illegible] handkerchief to his mouth. He [illegible] it away drenched with bright arterial blood and threw it carefully into a clump of prickly pear. Then he slashed with his quirt again, gasped [illegible] to his astonished pony and galloped after the gang.

That night Raidler received a message from his old home in Alabama. There had been a death in the family. An estate was to divide and they called for him to come. It was two months before he returned. When he arrived at the ranch house he found it well nigh deserted save for Ylario.

"By the way," said Raidler suddenly remembering, "that fellow I sent along with them—McGuire—is he working yet?"

"I do not know," said Ylario, "but I theenk that fellow McGuire he dead much time ago."

"Dead!" said Raidler. "What you talking about?"

"Verree sick fellow, McGuire," replied Ylario, with a shrug of his shoulder. "I theenk he no live one, two month when he go away."

"Shucks!" said Raidler. "He hum bugged you too, did he? The doctor examined him and said he was sound as a mesquite knot."

"That doctor," said Ylario, smiling, "he tell you so? That doctor no see McGuire."

"Talk up," ordered Raidler. "What the devil do you mean?"

"McGuire," continued the boy tranquilly, "he getting drink water outside when that doctor come in room. That doctor take me and pound me all over here with his fingers"—putting his hand to his chest—"I not know for what. He put his ear here and here and here and listen—I not know for what. He put little glass stick in my mouth. He feel my arm here. He make me count like whisper, so—twenty treinta cuarenta. Who knows," concluded Ylario, with a deprecating spread of his hands, "for what that doctor do those verree droll and such like thing?"

Within a very few minutes the cattleman was mounted and away. In two hours and a quarter Raidler from a gentle swell saw the branding camp by a water hole in the Guadalupe Slick with a pustancy of the news he fancied he'd made up. The only being in the camp was the cook.

"Everything all right in camp, Pete?" he managed to inquire.

"So so," said Pete conservatively. "The boys—all well."

Pete was no optimist. Besides inquiries concerning the health of cow punchers were not only superfluous but bordered on flaccidity. It was not like the boss to make them.

"What's left of 'em don't miss no calls to grub," the cook conceded.

"What's left of 'em?" repeated Raidler in a husky voice. Mechanically he began to look around for McGuire's grave.

"Sure," said Pete—"what's left. Cow camps change in two months. Some's gone."

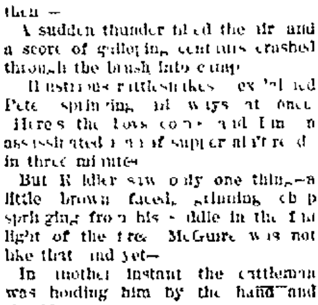
Raidler nerved himself.

"That—chap—I sent along—McGuire—did—he —

"Say," interrupted Pete, rising with a chunk of corn bread in each hand, "that was a dirty shame sending that poor sick kid to a cow camp. A doctor that couldn't tell he was graveyard meat ought to be skinned with a cinch buckle. Game as he was too. It's a scandal among snakes. Lemme tell you what he done. First night in camp the boys started to initiate him in the leather breeches degree. Ross Hargis busted him one swipe with his chaparreras, and what do you reckon the poor child done? Got up, the little skeeter, and licked Ross. Fixed Ross Hargis. Hit him good and plenty. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] first place to lay down [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] hand [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Gr[illegible] McGuire [illegible] [illegible] or fought [illegible] whisky.

"But it [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] well for the miss [illegible] him from the tent in the [illegible] finds him [illegible] in the grass [illegible] Lemme go and die like I wanter. He



KICKED ROSS HARGIS, KICKED HIM GOOD

said I was a liar and a fake and I was playin' sick. [illegible] me alone.

"Two weeks [illegible] went on the cook [illegible] laid around not noticin' nobody, and then—

A sudden thunder filled the air and a score of galloping centaurs crashed through the brush into camp.

"Illustrious rattlesnakes!" exclaimed Pete, sprinting all ways at once. "Here's the boys comin' and I'm an assassinated man if supper ain't ready in three minutes."

But Raidler saw only one thing—a little brown faced, grinning chap springing from his saddle in the front light of the fire. McGuire was not like that, and yet—

In another instant the cattleman was holding him by the hand and shoulder.

"Son, son, how goes it?" was all he found to say.

"Close to the ground, says you," shouted McGuire, crunching Raidler's fingers in a grip of steel. "And dat's where I found it, health and strengt', and I tumbled to what a cheap skate I been actin'. Thanks for kickin' me out, old man. And, say, de joke's on dat croaker, ain't it? I looked trough the window and seen him playin' tag [illegible] dat dago kid's solar plexus."

"You son of a tinker," growled the cattleman, "why'n't you talk up and say the doctor never examined you?"

"Aw, g'wan!" said McGuire, with a flash of his old spirit. "Nobody can't bluff me. You never ast me. You made your spiel and you t'rowed me out and I let it go at dat. And say, friend, dis chasin' cows is outer sight. Dis is de whitest bunch of sports I ever traveled with. You'll let me stay, won't yer, old man?"

Raidler looked wonderingly toward Ross Hargis.

"That cussed little runt," remarked Ross tenderly, "is the jo-dartinest hustler and the hardest hitter in anybody's cow camp."

RAILWAYS IN JAPAN.

Filthy Cars and Dirty Stations In a Land of Cleanliness.

"The railway journey from Kioto to Yokohama, despite the fact that most beautiful country is traversed, is not the pleasantest of experiences," declares a writer in the Wide World. "One buys a railway ticket in Japan in installments.

The ordinary ticket only enables one to go by a train covering the minimum distance in the maximum time, so an extra express ticket is purchased, which means that the engine moves a little more quickly toward its appointed goal.

Next a platform ticket must be procured to enable one to board the train, and finally one has to fight one's way into a first class carriage. Why do all the passengers in Japan take their luggage into the already painfully small carriage instead of leaving it in the van? And why, again, does a nation that is a password for cleanliness the world over possess a train service so shockingly dirty in every detail?

"We once in a weak moment looked into a station master's room at a large station, and for pure dirt it could have given points to a dust heap. In the train carriages the floors are covered with the dirt of ages, cigarette ends, orange peel, sandwich papers. At intervals a porter saunters in with a brush and leisurely sweeps all the refuse into a corner, having first carefully closed every window, so that no atom of discomfort or infection shall be lost.

Finally he departs, leaving behind him the rubbish and an atmosphere charged with germs and microbes. Truly a Japanese porter's definition of clearing up is removing rubbish from one place to another.

A TURKEY FEAST.

General Lee Showed His Officers the Way to Enjoy It

General Lee in his drawing room was [illegible] all very [illegible] with women [illegible] children [illegible] [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Ransom [illegible] [illegible] was the general [illegible] commander [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that he still considerate as he was at home.

"In the latter part of December a barrel was delivered at our camp [illegible] General Lee and Staff. We opened it and found it was packed full of turkeys. We sent word to General Lee and [illegible] over to our camp. [illegible] we hauled the turkeys out on [illegible] [illegible] the snow [illegible] [illegible] and the others [illegible] off to the smallest [illegible] There were [illegible] of them.

General Lee dismounted and joined the group gathered round the present, carrying his unslung and undrawn sword in his hand. He was told that the big turkey in the middle was his. He stood looking down at the turkeys for a moment and then [illegible] touching the big turkey with the scabbard of his sword.

"This, then, is my turkey? I do not know, gentlemen, what you are going to do with your turkeys, but I wish mine sent to the hospital in Petersburg so that some of the convalescents may have a good dinner."

He then turned on his heel and [illegible] to his horse, mounted and rode away. We looked at one another for a moment and then without a word replaced the turkeys in the barrel and sent them to the hospital."

Gilbert's Witty Comment.

Sir W. S. Gilbert's wit and humor were always ready. He was a fine raconteur and a good after dinner speaker. Rutland Barrington, the old Savoyard, said that staying in Gilbert's house was like living in a literary fireworks factory.

Barrington played the Captain in "Pinafore." At rehearsal one day Gilbert, who was an autocratic and magnificent stage manager, told him to cross the stage, which represented the deck of H. M. S. Pinafore, and sit on a skylight in a pensive attitude. Barrington obeyed orders, but unfortunately the skylight had only been rigged up temporarily, and the portly Barrington crashed through it.

"That's an expensive attitude," said Gilbert in a flash.

Wanted to Convert Utopia

When the "Utopia" was first published it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect—but visionary republic in an island supposed to have been somewhere in the Atlantic near these western shores.

"As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budaeus and others took it for genuine history and deemed it expedient to send missionaries thither to convert the people." —"Book of Queer Things."

Chattel Mortgages.

A man who gives a chattel mortgage should always examine it carefully to make sure it is not "on demand." Sharp money lenders who loan funds on chattel mortgages often try to have this clause inserted, and when it is the borrower may expect to part with his chattels at almost any moment. It is a trick by which advantage is often taken of the unwary.

On the Fence

"Are you an optimist or a pessimist?"

"Both. I hope for the best, but I don't bet on it as a sure thing."—Exchange.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

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Over Hamilton's Shoe Store
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ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
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The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLES LEMMLER
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HAND LAUNDRY
For Ladies and Gentlemen
Work Finished on Third Day
Under Heath's Barber Shop

PURE ICE CREAM
Home made from fresh cream brought daily from Southern View Dairy Farm
Purest and Best materials at our Soda Fountain
A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

¶ The Twenty Payment Life policy, [illegible] twenty years [illegible] at death. We also issue [illegible] fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Equitable Life Assurance Society [illegible]
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Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones
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Also 50 building lots.
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Quick Lunches at all Hours
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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

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Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

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¶ W[illegible] all [illegible] ments practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD
— WE CARRY —
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

[illegible]

[illegible]

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants
At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

[illegible]

Smethport Thursday Aug [illegible]

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fri[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] following [illegible] Warren S R Mason Mercer, [illegible] W Wales Warren D W P Hunt [illegible] I [illegible] Bro[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Mr [illegible] Mr Brun [illegible] was [illegible] of Saw [illegible] were held [illegible] Friday morning and her remains laid at rest in St Bernards cemetery

G H Dewitt aged 60 years and a former traveling salesman shot and killed himself on the veranda of his boarding house shortly after 1 o'clock Sunday morning Mr Dewitt was formerly a resident of Bradford and was a traveling salesman for N R Collins & Co wholesale liquor dealer until the dissolution of the concern by the executors He is survived by one daughter Mrs Louise Pepple of Michigan City Ind His body was brought to Bradford and interment was made in Oak Hill cemetery

The remains of the late Thomas F [illegible] of Mrs [illegible] who was [illegible] the home of George Adams at Kinnick The funeral was held [illegible] Monday [illegible] St [illegible] Patrick's church at [illegible] o'clock [illegible] took place in the [illegible] cemetery [illegible] was a member of the B [illegible] He was born in Mc Alton —Bradford Star Record

— That Live Topic printed awhile ago about a druggist who got tired of seeing postage stamps go on a customer's charge account was not a circumstance to an experience I had this week another druggist said One of our well-to-do customers—a woman of course asked me over the phone if I had change for $ [illegible] When [illegible] she inquired if I could [illegible] boy [illegible] [illegible] and sweetly bowed the boy away —New York Sun

[illegible] Mayor [illegible] of Jamestown [illegible] injunction [illegible] in which Rev Father Swinko of St Hyacinth's church in Dunkirk is endeavoring to secure a permanent injunction against the mayor and police chief of Dunkirk restricting interference with the showing of moving pictures in connection with the regular Sunday evening services in the parochial school of St Hyacinth's parish This case has been in litigation since last March when the pictures were ordered stopped by the police acting under orders from Chief Qu[illegible] It was given to him by Mayor James and it has now been referred to Judge Fisher to hear the argument [illegible] The argument [illegible] now on the legal question [illegible] whether or not the use of moving pictures constitute a part of [illegible] exercises If this [illegible] the [illegible] Attorney Thomas F Cummings is representing Father Swinko in the case and City Attorney Nelson J Palmer the mayor and police board Judge Fisher will not be ready to announce his decision on the case for some little time

How the Cat Does It

My method of producing literature is on the spur of the moment order and [illegible] then the [illegible] say it is a mighty poor lit —Ellis Parker Butler in New York Times

TREE TRUNK CANNON.

Wonderful Wooden Hide Wound Guns of the Antilles

The mention of wooden guns suggests a company of boy soldiers commanded by a captain who wears a tin sword The revolutionary soldiers of Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic however have from time to time made cannon from trees and applied them to practical purposes In the Antilles there grows a peculiar tree with a winding grain so tenacious of fiber that to split it by ordinary means is almost an impossibility

When wanted for artillery purposes the tree is felled, a section some five feet in length and one foot in diameter is selected and cut, the bark is removed, and uneven places on the surface are dressed down

The embryo cannon is then placed on rude trusses and a bore burned in it, a process that serves further still to harden the wood While the bore is being burned green ox hides are cut into long strips by beginning in the center and working toward the outer edge as one would peel an apple

When all is in readiness one end of this rawhide band which is about three inches in width is spiked to the wooden cannon near the breech A lever or bar is attached to the butt Two or three negroes grasp the arm of the bar and slowly turn the hollowed [illegible] on its supports The band [illegible] is kept under a strain and in this way the core of the cannon is wound with one of the toughest [illegible]

[illegible]

REAL JAVA COFFEE.

You May Get a Cup Almost Any Place Except In Java

It's [illegible] very [illegible] Isham the [illegible] conditions in [illegible] American [illegible] good butter [illegible] and [illegible] chickens for the [illegible]

In [illegible] the best [illegible] "If [illegible] a cup [illegible] coffee [illegible] And the [illegible] had no sense of [illegible] drink and [illegible] thing [illegible]

So after [illegible] peninsula we waited with bated [illegible] for the coffee of Java [illegible] The excellence of it was [illegible] tradition [illegible] make" was compounded of [illegible] In Java surely we should find [illegible] of the gods What did we discover An extract of coffee served in [illegible] casters It would have made the [illegible] ill Another illusion gone

Dont go to Java for real Java coffee You may find it in Ypsilanti Mich. or Paris O but you wont on earth it in Java—not for money

Too Much For Him

Voltaire could not speak much English. The reason why he refused to study the language is this It was drilled into him that plague was pronounced plaig which he thought very pretty and acceptable But right on top of it he was introduced to "ague" which his teacher said must be called a gue" Finding it impossible to reconcile the difference he went off into a philosophical tantrum and dropped the study

A Bit of a Brag

Lawyer—Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury? Witness—Yes sir, more than half of them Lawyer—Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them Witness—Say if it comes to that I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together —Milwaukee Journal

Deserving of Pity.

"There goes Roxham Every time I think of that man's financial embarrassment it makes me yearn to help him"

"Financial embarrassment?"

"Yes. He's got so much money he doesn't know what to do with it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Main Thing

Political Leader—How does Bump stand? Henchman All right I guess He belongs to the same political party as we do Political Leader—Confound it! That's no sign Is he with us or against us?—Puck

About the Same Thing

Scribbler Can you suggest a simile for giving advice? Scrawler How would pouring water on a duck's back do?—Philadelphia Record.

PAPUAN SAVAGES

The Most Treacherous of All the South Sea Natives.

A TRIBE OF HEAD HUNTERS

The Solomon Islanders Kill and Eat Their Enemies as an Incident of Their Weird Religious Rites—Storming a House In a Treetop

The name Papuan is that given to the dark skinned people who inhabit the greater number of islands in the part of the Pacific ocean known as Polynesia and Melanesia and whose headquarters as it were are in the great island of Papua or New Guinea Under this description come the inhabitants of the Solomon islands

So evil has been the reputation of the Solomon Islanders that until quite recently they were carefully avoided and very little was known about them They have the name of being the most treacherous of all the south sea natives yet [illegible] the treatment they have received in the past at the hands of white [illegible] this is not [illegible] that they allow [illegible] white [illegible] in their country But now that they have had a chance of seeing some more favorable specimens [illegible] [illegible]

Still even now there is a [illegible] about the life of a [illegible] One day [illegible]

[illegible]

In [illegible] of the large [illegible] the [illegible] tries to escape from the [illegible] of head hunting parties who sometimes come as far as 200 miles in their search for skulls One of these houses was built in a tree 150 feet high All the lower branches had been cut off so that the [illegible] quite bare [illegible] eighty feet from the [illegible] reached by [illegible] by rickety ladders [illegible] lashed to a [illegible] with rope of twisted cane When an attack is expected the women and children take refuge in these houses while the men keep watch They warn each other of the approach of a fleet by a curious cry which once heard is never to be forgotten These houses are so stantially built it is often the inhabitants have to withstand a long siege in them The door is made of plaited bamboo laid on a layer of bark which rests upon the platform The walls are of bamboo and the roof is thatched with sago palm The particular house to which I have referred [illegible] 0 by 15 feet and forty persons had been known to take refuge in it If the attacking party land and the men cannot resist them successfully they too ascend to the tree house A pile of large stones is always kept ready for emergencies outside the door of the platform and these the men hurl down on their foes Sometimes however the enemy construct a shelter beneath which they can work away and cut the tree down and they have even been known to ascend the tree while the inhabitants were off their guard and set fire to the house

Nowadays however, head hunting is indulged in only on special occasions Often indeed when a head is required the chief gives notice of the fact to the different tribes and offers a reward for one The chiefs of the villages look around and if in any of them there is a native who has made himself objectionable for any reason they decide that his head shall come off and the reward be earned The victim is not told of his impending fate but is carefully watched by a man who has been told to secure his head He watches every movement of his victim and when a favorable opportunity presents itself quickly and remorselessly kills him cuts off his head and carries it to the chief who pays for it in shell money This even happens to white men if they have made themselves unpopular Money is paid over for the skull which goes to join the chief's collection —John Foster Frazer in New York Tribune

Proud of It

Collector—I'm going to print a book of deadbeats [illegible] and you're going to be on the front [illegible] Politician—Say how much would I have to owe to get on the cover?—Chicago News

Happiness grows at our own firesides and is not to be picked up in strangers galleries.—Douglas Jerrold

SWITCHED THEIR VOTES.

The Incident That Won Tom Corwin's First Fight For Congress

"When I saw the oil painting of Tom Corwin in the treasury said an Ohio man I could not but recall the story told in Corwin's old home of Lebanon of how he won his first election to congress He was a young man though already noted as an orator but he had a hard district and little encouragement for election He was making his tour of the counties and one night stopped at the double cabin of a farmer known to be a very fervent advocate of political policies of the opposition Corwin talked politics carefully with the old man and his son before bedtime, but had little hope of winning a single vote in the household In the morning the old man took Corwin outside and announced that every voter in the family would be for him on election day The astonished and delighted Corwin who could not help but ask why the sudden change of heart

"The old man told how the opposition candidate had stopped at his house one night the [illegible] the host and wife had [illegible] the candidate [illegible] he actually put on a nightshirt [illegible] those worn by [illegible] This disgusted the man and [illegible] Corwin was [illegible] the old farmer and his wife had [illegible] bed [illegible] a nightie [illegible] [illegible] was a victory for Corwin [illegible] on [illegible] to that story of a shirt"—Washington Post

CORE OF THE EARTH.

It May Be a Mass of Steel Some [illegible] Miles In Diameter

[illegible]

[illegible] the interior of the [illegible] to [illegible] consists [illegible] of iron or steel about [illegible] miles in diameter surrounded [illegible] with a stony shell [illegible] [illegible] is a layer [illegible] [illegible] below the surface of the earth

Men sometimes dream [illegible] wealth stored [illegible] in the [illegible] the reach of miners but [illegible] after that there is little or no ground to [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] second—New York World

To Stop Hiccoughs

Simple cases of hiccough are often relieved [illegible] few or [illegible] says the New York Medical Journal Pulling the tongue forward and holding it for some time is an effective procedure Sometimes obstinate hiccough is relieved when the patient is strong by having him hang with the arms extended and grasping some beam or pole so that his feet do not touch the floor With all the abdominal muscles tense have him hold his breath as long as possible Sneezing is very efficient in certain cases since it is the exact opposite to hiccough being a sudden expiratory act

McSwiney's Gun

Near Horn Head County Donegal Ireland there is a hole in the rocks called McSwiney's gun It is on the seacoast and is said to have connection with a cavern When the north wind blows and the sea is at half flood the wind and the waves enter the cavern and send up jets of water from the [illegible] to a height of more than 100 feet The jets of water are accompanied by explosions which may be heard for miles

More Worry

I didn't know you admired that official?

I don't replied the political manager

"Then why do you insist on crediting him with a presidential boom?"

Merely to make his life harder by giving him something more to worry about"—Exchange

Be Slow to Indorse

"A man should think before he speaks said the prudent youth

Yes replied Dustin Stax And he should think still harder before he writes his name on the back of any sort of document —Washington Star

All Must Help

A wise man who [illegible] his country [illegible] charity and a poor man with his labor are perfect nuisances in a commonwealth —Swift

Modern Children.

"How old are you Elsie?"

"Nine years

"And you, Erna?"

"I am twelve

"Really twelve? You are wonderfully well preserved" —Fliegende Blatter

Glad He Left

Actor—There was a thunder of applause when I left the stage Bored Friend—Serves you right You shouldn't stay on so long!

What the stars are to the firmament kind deeds are to the earth

IF ITS NEW

and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, GROCER
Smethport, Pa

Good Groceries

We [illegible] best goods at lowest [illegible]

WE HAVE

everything in the [illegible] of Groceries [illegible] careful buyer needs to satisfy the demands of the table [illegible]

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor [illegible] the increasing sales of the articles [illegible]

[illegible] little money

Oscar [illegible]

GROCERIES [illegible]

Automobiles

[illegible]

[illegible] drivers

J W WITTMAN Jr
Agent
ST [illegible] PA

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McCall's Magazine [illegible]

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We Will Give You Free Presents [illegible]

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Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block [illegible] Furs & Corsets [illegible] all [illegible]

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Smethport, Pa

McKean County Miner

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

C. C. MELVIN, 2d.

Bradford, Pa., June 30, 1911.

Sheriff.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce the undersigned as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

R. P. YERDON.

Kane, Pa., August 4, 1911.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911:—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

Editor McKean Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters, at the primaries to be held Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., July 8th, 1911.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of district attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30 next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

Coroner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner, of McKean county, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

E. R. SHERMAN.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

A. N. HEARD.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Recorder of Deeds.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries Sept. 30th, 1911.

HOMER M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., July 24th, 1911.

Prothonotary.

Editor of the Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the will of the Republican voters, as expressed in the primaries to be held on the 30th day of September, 1911.

B. F. STARSKY.

Smethport, Pa., July 22, 1911.

Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, Sept. 30, next.

JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Pa., August 1, 1911.

Clerk of Courts.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Clerk of Courts for McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries, Sept. 30, 1911.

FRANK R. FOSTER.

Smethport, Pa., Aug. 9, 1911.

County Auditor.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. D. OTTO.

Keating Township, August 7, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 10, 1911.

Late dispatches from Rome are to the effect that His holiness, the Pope, is in a very critical condition.

A summary of the grimes committed by members of the so-called Black Hand in Chicago this year, gives a total of 18 murders, scores of stabbings and more than 100 bomb explosions, $500,000 collected by blackmail and the terrorizing of thousands by threats. With only one or two exceptions, none of the perpetrators of these numerous crimes have been convicted.

State Fish Commissioner William E. Meehan's resignation, placed in the hands of Governor John K. Tener, some days ago, has been accepted by wire from Massachusetts, where the governor is spending his vacation, and Nathan R. Buller, of Pleasant Mount, Wayne county, a practical fish culturist and employed by the Department of Fisheries, has been appointed in his place.

John W. Gates, the noted financier, died in Paris yesterday morning, the cause of his death being kidney trouble. He was born on a farm in 1855 in which is now West Chicago and started life as a poor boy. He was a hard worker and a daring gambler in business as well as in sports and his good judgment backed by nerve and money made him one of the richest men in the world.

Affixing official signatures to general arbitration treaties between United States and Great Britain and United States and France, marked a great step forward in international relations as well as a personal triumph for President Taft, who for many months has advocated this step to bring about more peaceful relations between the worlds powers. Paris and Washington were the places where the advanced step for the peace of nations was taken. Germany and Japan have also been approached. It is probable that within a few months those governments will take favorable action on the same issue.

Frank R. Foster of this borough announces his candidacy for the office of Clerk of Courts of McKean county subject to the decision of the Republican party. Mr. Foster has been a resident of this county ever since the early oil excitement and is known personally to a large majority of voters in this county, and among his acquaintance he has a host of friends who will work untiringly for his nomination. Mr. Foster is an expert bookkeeper and accountant which together with his former experience admirably fits him for this position and the chances are he will not have any opposition for the nomination at least.

H. D. Otto of Keating township announces in this issue of The Miner that he is a candidate for the office of County Auditor of this county, subject to the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next. Mr. Otto is 57 years old and has been a life-long resident of Keating township, with the exception of about 13 years which he spent in the oil fields in the days of the oil excitement in this county. Mr. Otto has been a school director and township auditor and is well fitted for the position to which he aspires. He is now clerk to the Jury Commissioners. He has many warm personal friends who will do all in their power to nominate and elect him.

The French steamer, Emir, foundered yesterday five miles east of Tarifa, Spain, in the Strait of Gibraltar. Ninety-three persons were drowned. The ship sailed from there at 3 o'clock that morning for a Moroccan port. An hour later, in a dense fog, the Emir collided with the British steamer, Silverton, bound from Newport, England, for Taranto, Italy. The crew of the latter rescued 27 of the Emir's crew and passengers. The Silverton later put in to Tarifa with her starboard bows stove in and her forepeak full of water. The Emir floated only a few minutes after the collision. Fifty-nine passengers and 24 of the crew went down with the ship. Twelve of the crew and 15 passengers were saved. All the passengers were French.

The Republican voters of this county are fully aware of the fact that the people of this county want none but capable, honest men to represent them in the various offices to be filled in this county this fall and therefore the charity, hard luck and good fellow pleas will have little weight when matched against good clean manhood and the necessary qualifications for conducting the business connected with the offices to which they aspire. The case we have in mind is that of the county commissioner race. At this time there are three candidates for the Republican nomination, A. R. Anderson, L. M. Siggins and A. M. Marsh. Messrs. Anderson and Siggins are capable energetic and trustworthy men who depend on their reputations as honest, upright business men to win the support of the voters while Mr. Marsh expects to reach the coveted goal by playing the sympathy dodge and by making promises which he cannot help knowing, if he possesses anything like ordinary human intelligence (which is a question of grave doubt even among his followers), that he cannot under any circumstances fulfill, even if re-elected, and furthermore under present conditions there would be little chance of electing Mr. Marsh if nominated.

The Port Allegany Reporter aptly remarks: The McKean County Chairman of the Keystone party announces in an editorial that a man may call for and vote any ballot that he so minds at the primary. 'Tis true, but it isn't honest. If he voted a straight Republican ticket last fall, a man is a hog that will ask for a Democratic ticket and vote for some other fellow in order to defeat Jack Devlin for county commissioner. He is not only a hog but he is a liar on the face of the transaction, because he knows that it is the intention of the law that he votes a Republican ticket at the primaries. The Reporter writes of Jack Devlin only because it happened to think of him. Every other candidate is implied as well. If challenged under the supposition that he has called for a ballot of a party other than he supported last fall, a voter may make affidavit to his political choice last fall when the ballot must be given him in accordance with his affidavit. But here is the real question in the matter. A man has no right to vote only such ballot at the law entitles him to, and in case proof is shown after the primaries that men voted contrary to law by asking for and voting ballots to which they were not entitled, the election may be pronounced illegal and such voters prosecuted. It is safer for a man to vote the ballot to which the law entitles him, then too it is more honest and decent. It isn't any more righteous for a man to steal a horse because he isn't caught at it.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8.—Politics in Washington for the past week has been seething, a fit complement to the weather. Not in recent years has there been witnessed a more dramatic scene when Oscar W. Underwood, chairman of the Ways and Means committee, rose to a question of personal privilege to reply to the attack of William Jennings Bryan, who alleged in a recent editorial in the Commoner, that Underwood had defeated consideration of the iron and steel schedule, for the reason that he had a selfish interest to defend. The response of the floor leader from Alabama had more bristling courage in it than any other Democrat for many years had the temerity to disclose in the face of opposition by the erstwhile Nebraska leader. Mr. Underwood not only denounced Bryan's allegations as false but proved it by his own friends in the House.

It was a theme of common remark the wonderful contrast between the the attitude of the Democrats of the House just now under the leadership of Underwood and three years ago when Bryan was assured of a third nomination for president by the Democrats. Then, notwithstanding he was known to entertain just such views as he harbors now, there was no Democrat who was bold enough to take issue with him. The dauntless way in which Underwood met his aspersions won for the Alabamian so remarkable and emphatic a tribute of general approbation as places him in the forefront of factorship for the Democratic nomination next year. Undoubtedly Underwood's conduct of tariff consideration and regulation from the Democratic standpoint has gained him many new friends and commanded the respect and admiration of his political adversaries whose good will he has secured by his uniform courtesy and fairness.

Senator Bois Penrose of Pennsylvania, the Republican floor leader by reason of being chairman of the Committee on Finance, probably talks less than any man who has held a similar position, although he represents a state whose diversified interests are not exceeded by any state in the Union. For the first time in years he gave out an interview the other day on the subject of waterways, which by reason of the commanding position of Senator Penrose cannot help but be of great benefit to the cause of improving the inland waters of continental United States. The Pennsylvania Senator came out unequivocally in favor of annual river and harbor bills conservatively prepared to the end that projects having the endorsement of the Corps of Engineers be completed as speedily as good business judgment warrants. He paid a tribute to the work that is being done by the National Rivers and Harbors Congress that must be most flattering to those who are virtually interested in the cause.

"The question of an intelligent treatment of our rivers, harbors and canals should neither be local nor sectional," said Senator Penrose. "It is a national question and its solution should be along national lines and it should not be made the subject of politics. In this connection I cannot help but pay tribute to the work of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress which has been productive of great good in bringing about definite results and in educating the public mind to the development of inland waterway projects and I am in hearty sympathy with its work and purposes."

The climax of courtesy and official hospitality to the foremost actor for Nippon in the Russo-Japanese war, Admiral Heihachiro Togo was reached in this city when President Taft received the famous visitor on Saturday evening last, giving an official dinner in his honor, later followed by a reception which was most largely attended by Representatives from the official diplomatic and residential sets. No proper thoughtful attention will be omitted during Admiral Togo's stay in the United States to disprove the baleful gossip that has occurred from time to time intimating hostile sentiments between Japan and this nation. The Nelson of Japan will be cheerfully accorded the privilege of visiting our navy yards and shops. He may see all that he cares to see about our navy and it is believed that nothing could more effectively convince the Orientals of the friendly professions of our people for them.

The passage by the Senate of the Congressional apportionment bill increasing the size of the House from 391 to 433 members, with the admission by that time of Arizona and New Mexico as states, adding four Senators, will make an electorial college numbering 529, with 269 votes necessary to a choice.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf. CARRIE CLARK.

THAT GOOD COLLEGE
YOU ARE LOOKING FOR IS
ALLEGHENY
WRITE TO PRESIDENT CRAWFORD
YEAR OPENS SEPT. 19 MEADVILLE, PA.

VACATION TIME

Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage, and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear; also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.

ONE-HALF PRICE

Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.

We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN
John B. Stetson
Soft and Stiff Hats
$3.50 to $5.00
at
H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THE SHORTEST ROAD

to comfort and foot ease is the one right to ANDERSON & CARLSON'S. The more you tramp around looking for it the farther you will get away from it unless it leads in the right direction. You will save time and money as well as discomfort by coming direct to our store where you will find the "dernier cri" or the last word in up-to-date styles in summer footwear.

—AT—

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

PHONE 7 BROWNELL'S PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summmer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL
You get Better Values Here

AUTOMOBILE
TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes
are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND NEXT WEEK

LADIES' WHITE SHIRT WAISTS

The $1.00 Quality at..........79c
" 1.25 " "..........98
" 1.50 " "..........$1.19
" 2.00 " "..........1.38
" 2.50 " "..........1.48
" 3.00 " "..........1.98

500 to 750 Silk, Black and Colored going at $3.98

SHOES

Boy's and Girl's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $1.50 quality at 98c
1 Lot Ladie's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $3.00 kind for $1.98
Ladie's Oxfords in Tan, Patent and Dull Leather
The $3.50 and $4 quality going at $2.25

SUIT CASES

$1.50 quality at $1.00
$3.00 " " $2.00
$2.00 quality at $1.50
$6.00 solid leather $4.48

LACE CURTAINS

1 Lot of odd Curtains only one of a pattern at less than the cost to manufacture. 1 Lot Lace Curtains only one pair of a kind at about half price.

1 Lot Mens' white Dress shirts in sizes 14 and 14½. Sold at $1.00. Going for 49c.

Open Evenings until 8 O'Clock

THE LINDHOLM CO.,

Saturday Evening until 10 O'Clock

JARS JARS JARS

Don't let this jar you but go to DALY & GARLICK'S for Royal Fruit Jars. The only hand made jar on the market.

The Schramm jar, the jar that keeps all kinds of vegetables.

The Mason jar, "the jar that mother used to use".

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware and Plumbing

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 10, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The premium list for the McKean County Fair is now being distributed.

—A derailed car of bark delayed the evening Kushequa train considerably last evening.

—John Vanblad is having a new cement sidewalk laid in front of his property on Water street.

—Mrs. J. W. Lee entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on East Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Mrs. George Brennan entertained the Kensington Club at her home on Mechanic street yesterday afternoon.

—Mrs. Anson S. Burdick entertained the "Country Cousins Club" at her home on Cemetery street yesterday.

—Miss Irma Wells entertained a large party of friends at a lawn party at her home on Cemetery street Tuesday afternoon.

—Mrs. Alice Reznor, mother of L. J. Reznor, died at the latter's home, in Port Allegany, on Saturday, July 30. She was aged 61 years.

—Several Smethport sports took in the ball game between the Bloomer Girls and the Port Allegany team at the latter place yesterday afternoon.

—James T. Chisholm has purchased of John N. Apple the Kruger house on Hill street and as soon as the necessary repairs can be made he will move his family into it.

—The members of the P. H. C. accompanied by the I. O. O. F. band left this morning for Riverhurst where they will spend the day, it being their annual picnic outing.

—George Warner and family take this method of thanking their neighbors and the people of Smethport for the many kindnesses shown them during their recent bereavement.

—A new tuba horn has been purchased by the Citizens' band, and is a fine instrument. The uniform question is now being agitated by this organization.

—A baseball game was scheduled for Kane field yesterday afternoon between Eldred and Smethport that did not come off. The Eldred team was reported to have left that place for here at 1:30 p. m., but no further tidings have been received of them here.

—There is a slight change in the time card of the Kushequa Route. The train that formerly left for Newton at 7 a. m. now leaves at 7:30 a. m., and the train that left for the same place at 9 a. m. now leaves at 9:10 a. m. There is no change of time of the other trains.

—Two Italians, strangers in St. Marys, and thought to be members of a "Black Hand" gang, have been terrorizing the residents of the foreign colony in that town during the past week by demanding that a certain sum of money be ready for them upon their return Saturday evening. The men put in their appearance but failed to get the money, and in return threatened to blow up the homes of their victims. A police watch was set but as yet the men have not reappeared.

—It is but natural to ask the question, "Is young Clary, the man who was entombed in a mine for 78 hours well balanced?" Before asking about the condition of his father and mother after being liberated, he desired to know the standings in the two major baseball leagues.—Bradford Era.

—The terrible drowning accident of last Sunday should be a warning to boys who are not expert swimmers not to go into deep water unless accompanied by at least one person who has the necessary courage and ability to rescue a companion when he gets into trouble in the water.

—B. J. Corell, inventor of the Corell railroad tie and a member of the Corell Railroad Tie company, was in Bradford Tuesday enroute to his home in Mt. Jewett. Mr. Corell has recently made arrangements with the W. N. Y. & P. Traction company to test the Corell ties and the trolley people will equip a section of the road to Olean with the concrete ties which are pronounced much more durable and less expensive than wood ties.

—Monday afternoon Theron Lyle and Howard Brownell gave the local tennis players a big surprise by taking three straight sets from Paul D. Hamlin and E. T. Newman, the champions of Northwestern Pennsylvania. However, in justice to Messrs. Hamlin and Newman we will say that this was their first appearance together this year, and the following day they got even in a measure by winning two out of three sets from their opponents of Monday.

—While returning from Port Allegany on Tuesday afternoon Thomas Camp and Ed. Walker had a narrow escape from what might have been a terrible automobile accident. They were coming along the road where the steep embankment is, just before breaking over Bush hill when the steering gear separated, making the car entirely unmanagable. The big car started over the embankment but as they were running very slowly the driver managed to apply the brakes in time to stop the car just as the front wheels went over the bank. The steering gear was repaired and the car backed into the road without doing any damage.

—James Rose, a farmer living near Stoneboro, Mercer county, was attacked by a vicious bull Wednesday evening and severely gored. He was only saved from death by his shepherd dog which came to the rescue after Mr. Rose, who is 65 years of age, had two ribs broken, his breast bone crushed and received bruises and lacerations from head to feet. Rose was passing through the field when the bull without warning, rushed him and knocked him to the ground. As often as the old man would make a move the bull would strike him. The dog was in a distant part of the farm but came when he heard the bellowing of the bull.

—There will be no decision in the application for a new trial for John M. Andrews for several weeks. Judge W. B. Hinckley and Mrs. Hinckley left Warren last Friday evening for Rockport, Mass., where for several weeks they will enjoy a vacation. Until he returns no decision will be made by the court. Attorney Bordwell said that Stella Hodge would not be liberated in any event before the grand jury met in September. Even though a writ of habeas corpus were secured, as first planned, it was not thought that the Hodge woman could raise the bail her case would require. Though charged with the murder of Emile Amann, it is believed that if any indictment is returned it will be for perjury.

ANDREWS SAW AMANN'S BODY.

Hand of Convicted Murderer Shook and His Face Paled at the Sight.

The following is from Saturday's Warren Times:

Mrs. Emile Amann, wife of the man John M. Andrews stands convicted of brutally murdering on Bunker Hill, by relating an incident which happened at her home after the lifeless body of her husband had been brought there, and in which Andrews figured prominently, made it emphatic that she believes Andrews guilty of the crime, and suspected it long before his arrest.

Mrs. Amann said that when the father-in-law of Emile Amann died, about a year prior to the murder, Andrews performed many kind acts, sent flowers and called. She said it would have been impossible for a person to display a bigger heart under the circumstances. She then compared these actions with John M. Andrews on the day Emile Amann's body was found.

The same morning Amann was found his mother-in-law upon arising dropped dead. A message was sent to Andrews by Mrs. Amann asking him to find Emile and send him home. The message said Emile had not been home all night. This time Mrs. Amann declares Andrews was not the generous, kind hearted, accommodating man of a year ago. He paid no attention to the message she says and though the body of Emile was that morning brought home and laid beside the remains of the other relative Andrews did not call Mrs. Amann says, until the following Monday. Then the unlooked for happened.

Between Mrs. Amann and her daughter, holding the hand of each, Andrews started to walk into the back room of the home. The two ladies were in this room, directly off the hall. The convicted murderer of Amann was of the opinion they were in a front room. When he suddenly beheld the body of Amann, Mrs. Amann declares he shook so badly he was compelled to let fall the hands of Mrs. Amann and her daughter. With the face still pale and hands trembling badly, he left the chamber of the dead.

Lock Haven, the most beautiful city on the west branch of the Susquehanna is the location of the Central State Normal School, an institution which ranks among the very best in the state. It is not only strong as an educational institution but the management of the school have developed a home like spirit and in this way it fosters a development of character. Its students therefore leave the school with higher ideals of life and living and are better citizens in consequence. The fall term begins Sept. 11th. Write for its catalog. It

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending August 5, 1911:

Bucklen, George
VanGilder, Miss Vivian.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Subscribe for The Miner.

FARMERS VALLEY ITEMS.

A. R. Cory made a business trip to Eldred Friday last.

Miss Mabel Galpin returned to her home here after a visit with friends and relatives in Keating Summit.

Miss Genevieve Barnett of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting friends and relatives in this place.

Rev. J. Parrott will leave his work here soon to attend college.

The Sunday schools of East Smethport, Coryville and Farmers Valley will hold their annual picnic at the grove in Farmers Valley to-day.

Legal Lore.

The dean of the Suffolk School of Law, Boston, sends us the following gem from a freshman examination paper: "Where murder is committed without malice aforethought it is a case of manslaughter."—Green Bag.

A Sign.

"What makes you think he's really wealthy?" "Look how carelessly he wears his clothes."—Detroit Free Press.

Remarked by the Cynic.

A girl is terrible excited over getting married till she comes to the ceremony and then she acts as if it weren't any more than washing her hair.—New York Press.

Westbrook Commercial Academy.

They are at a premium again this year. To finish a course in this school means quick returns. More positions than graduates. Thirtieth year opens Sept. 5. Aug.3-2t

Lot For Sale.

One of the very best building lots on West Main street will be sold at a very reasonable price. For particulars inquire of or address

H. L. BACKUS,
Smethport, Pa.

I. O. O. F. Pin Lost.

An I. O. O. F. pin was lost in Smethport on Friday or Saturday last. Finder will be rewarded by returning to ED WALKER.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County for the transfer to Fred John Block of the retail hotel license granted at No. 21, June Sessions, 1911, to Fred John Block and John Carl Block for the Eckhart House in the Village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, said hotel being situate on the south side of Main street. Said application will be heard by the Court at Chambers, in the Court House, at Smethport, Pa., on the 18th day of August, A. D. 1911, at 9 o'clock a. m. The residence of the said Fred John Block is Hazelhurst, McKean County, Pa., and he is by occupation a hotel keeper.

V. B. BOUTON
Aug.10-2t. Atty. for Petitioner.

SECRET ORDERS—TAKE NOTICE

A beautiful 12x18-inch pictorial chart in elaborate oil colors and handsomely framed, of any secret order, with place for member's name and full data. An honor to the member and a credit to your home. Hang as a picture on the wall. Sent anywhere. Price only $1.50. Handsomely framed with [illegible] frame, only $3.50. Cash, or a little down and a little every month. If you have a member of any secret order in your home, surprise and honor him with one of these beautiful pictorial charts. A postal will bring full particulars. Write to-day. Give name of secret order.
THE ART SUPPLY CO., WARREN, PA., U. S. A.

DON'T SAY

"Too early to buy a School Suit now." In less than a month when school will start you'll have to pay from $2.50 to $7.50 for the

SAME SUIT

that you can

Buy this Week

at, from

$1.50 TO $4 A SUIT

Isn't it worth while to save from $1.00 to $3.00 on a suit?

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "WOOLTEX"

Store closed at 6 P. M. except Monday and Saturday, on those days 8 and 10 P. M. respectively.

WHITE WAIST SALE

We offer this week choice of fifty white Lawn waists at a saving that is worth your prompt attention.

There is a large variety of styles in lingerie and medium weight lawns—lace and embroidery trimmings—long and short sleeves—button back and front.

See them in the window.

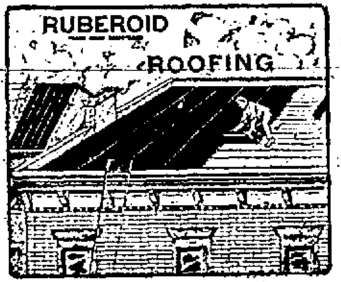
Reductions range from ¼ to ½ off regular prices.

Sale prices 50 cents to $3.75.

FRY & COMES

Smethport - - - - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF RUBEROID ROOFING by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in tour feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

TWO DAY EXCURSION

$2.25 TO BUFFALO

AND RETURN

$2.50 TO NIAGARA FALLS

AND RETURN

FROM SMETHPORT THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911

Tickets good going only on trains leaving 9:22 A. M. Good returning on all regular trains leaving Niagara Falls and Buffalo, August 17 or 18. Baggage will not be checked on these tickets. Tickets will not be accepted for passage in Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars. Children between 5 and 12 years of age half fare.

GARAGE

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Two Letters

Neither of Which Was Ever Posted

By Ethan Armour Bache

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It may seem paradoxical, but there is nothing more dreary than a beautiful morning when one carries a load on his heart. I had left Adele the night before, she having told me that she honored and respected me, but would not marry me. And now I was walking on the road to the village to post a letter accepting an offer my uncle, who was in the tea trade, had made me of a position in his counting room at Hongkong. The beauty of an opening spring mocked me. The warm sunshine, the sprouting leaves, that delicate pale robe Dame Nature was putting on, contrasted painfully with the loss of the girl I loved and from whom I was about to permanently separate myself by going to live in a barbarous land. A robin on a limb of a tree, cocking his head on one side, looked at me, seeming to smile and say at the same time, "Poor fellow!" A chipmunk sat up on the top rail of a fence eying me roguishly, and somehow he seemed to be saying to me incongruously: "Cheer up, cheer up! You'll fare better next time!"

I knew very well why Adele had refused me. It was all on account of Wilmarth. He had come on to the field not more than a month before with that air of superiority some men always carry about them—an air of intellectual supremacy. When one expressed an opinion in his presence he would put on a look as much as to say, "My dear fellow, I have long ago solved that problem, but you—why, it is far beyond your comprehension." He was graduated at the biggest university in the land, was elected to the biggest fraternity and was the biggest all round man in college while there. And, stepping out as the biggest man from among undergraduates, he had stepped into the possession of what, so far as competition with me was concerned, was the biggest fortune in the world. When this great young man expressed a desire to possess the girl I wanted what chance had I?

Reaching a point beyond which the road met another, I saw Adele coming on the other road. If men have any one advantage over women it is in possessing pockets. We each carried a letter, and, while mine was hidden away in my pocket, Adele was obliged to carry hers in her hand. As soon as she saw me she showed plainly that she would very much like to get rid of that letter. But, poor girl, what could she do? A man without pockets—if such a case is supposable—might put it in his hat; a woman, unless she carried a hand bag, which Adele did not, must needs keep it where all the world can see.

I was a lover of long standing though I had only recently avowed my love. Adele had not the heart to throw me over without preparing me for the ordeal. She wouldn't accept Wilmarth until she had dispatched me. I had the evening before brought matters to a crisis, and she had run me through the heart. Having done so, there was nothing to prevent her giving Wilmarth a definite answer to his suit. She had written it in the form of an acceptance.

This is the reasoning I went through in my mind as to why Adele carried that letter.

Adele came to the fork of the road evidently embarrassed. Since she could not get rid of the letter just before meeting me she tucked it in her belt. I noticed she was careful to place the address inward so that it could not be seen. She was blushing to the roots of her hair. If there was any doubt in my mind before that the letter was for Wilmarth there was none now.

"Why do you crumple your letter?" I said. "It will not be presentable when received."

"Oh, I don't think its appearance will make much difference to its recipient. It's the inside of a letter that interests one."

"It's singular that you and I have met on a similar errand. I'm on my way to the postoffice to mail a letter."

This did not seem to interest her; at least she made no reply to the remark. The postoffice was but a few hundred yards ahead of us. Crossing a walk leading from the village, I struck into it. Adele followed.

I had no sooner done so than I was dissatisfied with myself. Had not Adele settled the matter between us? What weakness to keep up an association that could lead to no good! The truth is I was desperate. It is one thing for a man to be obliged to give up a woman he loves and another to give her up to some particular man. The evening before I had been condemned; in this letter I saw my execution.

Neither Adele nor I spoke till we reached a side hill on which was a rustic bench. There we seated ourselves. I remember a few things in the landscape before and beneath us. There were scattered dwellings and a church. Through the fields ran a canal with locks, in one of which men were lowering a boat. I was far too preoccupied to have noticed this had not Adele said:

"I'm always interested in seeing a canalboat go through locks."

"Especially when it's let down to its future level," I said gloomily. "You haven't asked me to whom my letter has been written."

"It would not be polite to do so."

"It is to my uncle, accepting the position he has offered me. I sail next week for China."

The announcement didn't seem to bring the slightest pang to her; at least she gave evidence of none.

"They're letting the water out of the lock now," she remarked.

"I have given my promise to remain in China five years before returning to America, and then only to stay a few months."

"Now they're going to open the gates."

This was maddening. Yet I was angry only with myself. Could there be anything more pusillanimous than for a man refused to attempt in this maudlin fashion to excite sympathy in the girl who had refused him?

"Since this is to be our last meeting for years, perhaps forever, I ask you to permit me to do something for you, a little favor, a trifle. I wish to remember it in connection with this parting."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Permit me to take that letter to the mail for you. I promise you I will not look at the address."

"Oh, there's no hurry about posting it; it will keep."

What could be more self sacrificing than for me, having received my quietus from Adele, to post her letter accepting Wilmarth? It would be typical, of course, but lovers like things typical rather than real.

"Why should there be delay?" I asked.

She did not notice the question. She was evidently intent upon the canalboat, which was now floating out into the open basin.

"Come," I said, "why should you delay posting your letter to Mr. Wilmarth?"

It had come out in spite of me. She turned and brought her big, honest, surprised eyes to bear on me.

"Pardon," I stammered. "I have no right to assume to whom your letter is written."

She looked at me for some moments without speaking, then said abruptly:

"You may post the letter."

My noble, self sacrificing act, typical of the greatness of my love for her, had collapsed. I was now to do the favor as a punishment for thrusting myself into her private affairs. She intended to crush me. Taking the letter from her belt, she handed it to me.

There is nothing that better represents the waywardness of a lover than a shuttle. At any rate, it is typical of my action at this time. From contemplating my nobility of soul in transmitting a favorable answer from the girl I loved to my rival I saw myself called upon to do it as an act of penance.

"I'll be jinged if I do!" I exclaimed angrily.

A faint smile hovering about Adele's lips irritated me beyond endurance.

"You wish to remember some favor you have done me," she said. "I can't think of anything else than that you should save me the trouble of posting my letter. It will certainly cost you no extra effort since you have a letter of your own to post."

This was altogether too cold blooded for me to put up with. I arose and, bowing formally, said:

"I have no concern in your affairs. I apologize for a virtual reopening of a subject closed by you last evening. I am going to the office to post my letter, which decides my going to China. I may as well say goodby to you now. By doing so I shall eliminate the risk of trespassing again on your most sacred emotions."

I dare say I presented a tragic appearance delivering myself of these words. I certainly intended to be impressive.

"To what emotions do you refer?" she asked.

"To name them would be to offend again."

"Sit down," she said quietly.

I seated myself with reluctance. I was much dissatisfied with myself and decided to end a scene that was becoming unendurable.

"I am not sure that I had better mail this letter," she said.

I made no reply. I pricked up my ears.

"By sending it I may spoil a career."

"I did not suppose anything could spoil the career of so high and mighty a person."

"I did not suppose you considered him such."

"He considers himself one of the future leaders of the world."

"He has no such opinion of himself. His worst fault is overmodesty."

"Oh, heavens!" I exclaimed, starting to rise. I was prevented by her laying a hand on mine. With the other hand she took the letter from her belt and held it so that I could see the superscription.

It was addressed to me.

Seizing it, I tore it open. It was a retraction of what I had been told the night before.

* * * * * * * *

I did not post my letter and did not go to China. Wilmarth is just as prominent as when he left college and in just as comparatively small a way. He has not developed. These fellows who promise a great deal in youth are often disappointing. As for me, I have succeeded far better than I had reason to expect. At any rate, I have advanced from what little I was, while my rival has stood still. And everybody knows that to stand still is to retrograde. I sometimes twit my wife with having come pretty near marrying Wilmarth, whereupon she replies:

"I never thought of such a thing. You built the whole affair up in your own brain without the slightest foundation on which to place it and with no other material than your own stupid jealousy."

The Way of a Woman.

"She passed me on the street yesterday without speaking."

"She did?"

"Yes, the stuck up thing."

"I wouldn't say that. Perhaps she didn't mean to snub you."

"Of course she meant to snub me. You see, I had on my old hat."

"That wouldn't make any difference to her."

"Oh, wouldn't it? Once before when I happened to have on an old dress she didn't speak to me, either. Now I'm through with her. If she doesn't care enough for me to speak when I'm in my old clothes she needn't speak at all. I won't speak to her when I'm dressed up. That's all there is to it!"

"Did you speak to her?"

"I should say not. It's her place to speak first. Do you suppose I'm going to attract attention by yelling my lungs out for the like of her? I guess not."

"Perhaps she didn't see you."

"See me? Of course she did. I saw her, didn't I? Then why didn't she see me?"—Detroit Free Press.

When the Shoe Pinches.

"'My own common sense and the shoe clerk permitting, I shall never wear another pair of tight shoes,' said a woman, 'but if I should be inveigled into making myself uncomfortable I know what I shall do to allay the pain. The ministrations to the aching feet of a man who called on my Italian cobbler for relief showed me a remedy. The man's shoes pinched in three different places. Having located the painful spots Rafael dipped a long strip of cotton flannel into boiling water and held the cloth stretched tightly across the man's shoes. When the water began to evaporate he dampened the cloth again and repeated the process several times.

"'Now,' said he at last, 'your shoes are set to your feet. No more hurt.'

"The man gave him a quarter, which I thought a small price to pay for relief from a pinching shoe."—New York Sun.

A Witty Reply.

On one occasion an important dress rehearsal at His Majesty's theater was prolonged until the small hours of the morning. The company grew very weary, particularly a gentleman who had been with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in a good many productions, but who had never attained to more than a very tiny part. When the time came to rehearse his few lines he was so tired that his voice was anything but distinct.

"What's the matter, Mr. Z.?" asked Sir Herbert in his most sarcastic tones. "Are you saving your voice for the rehearsal?"

"No, Sir Herbert," was the retort. "I've never been able to save anything under your management."

Sir Herbert, an exceedingly witty man himself, was so pleased with the retort that the salary of the small part man was raised.—London M. A. P.

An English King's Death.

William Rufus was killed by an arrow, either accidental or with murderous intent. He died in the New forest. His body was stripped by tramps and the next day was found by a charcoal burner, who placed the naked corpse on his cart, hoping to receive a reward. On the way to Winchester the cart was upset, and the king's body fell in the mire. Covered with filth and black with charcoal, it arrived in Winchester, where it was buried in the cathedral. A few years later the tower fell and crushed the tomb, and [illegible] years after the Puritans rifled the grave and played football with the king's skull.

The Best She Could Do.

"There is only one reason," he said, "why I have never asked you to be my wife."

"What is that?" she asked.

"I have always been half afraid you might refuse."

"Well," she whispered after a long silence, "I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Damascus Swords.

It is seldom that a really good specimen of a Damascus sword can be obtained, for the art of working and engraving the kind of steel of which they are made is lost. These famous swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel so finely tempered that the blade would bend to the hilt without breaking.

She Needed Them All.

There are over 200,000 words in the English language, and most of them were used last Sunday by a lady who discovered after coming out of church that her stunning new hat was adorned with a price tag on which was written, "Reduced to $2.75."—Norborne (Mo.) Leader.

His Idea of the Show.

"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theater manager.

"That isn't a plot," replied the man who had paid $2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy."—Washington Star.

Another Quibble.

"Don't you hate to sleep in an upper berth?"

"No; I like to sleep when I have to take an upper berth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Appropriate.

"Here's a hairpin in the soup, waiter," said the mad diner.

"Yes, sir. It's all right. It's hare soup, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

Joel Tykesbury's Farewell

It Changes the Whole Course of His Life

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When Joel Tykesbury opened the letter and read that his stepuncle on his mother's side had died without near relatives and had left him the comfortable sum of $15,000 in cash there was not a soul to whom he confided the astounding news. Close locked behind his compressed lips was hidden a secret that would have provided the people of Little River with a measureless source of interest for the coming winter months.

Joel kept his secret, and no one was the wiser when he closed the little harness shop and spent several days in New York. But when he returned from the city and proceeded to sell the contents of his shop at auction prices, when he presented the furniture contained in his lonely bachelor abode to the thriftless Nichols family, who lived on the edge of the village, and finally when the minister dropped a word in the midst of the Ladies' Aid society's Wednesday meeting then Little River's tongue wagged as it had never [illegible] notice.

"Yes," said Mr. Bowen, thoughtfully stroking his scanty beard; "Joel says he's tired of Little River, and he is going to New York to live. He seems to feel rather bitter about the way he's been received in our village. He says he's lived here fifteen years and he isn't much better acquainted than when he came."

"That's every mite his own fault then!" cried Miss Fanny Pollard warmly. "He's the most unsociable man in Little River. My conscience is clear about Joel Tykesbury. I've done the best I could to make it pleasant for him to [illegible]." A suppressed giggle from the young girls in a distant corner turned Miss Fanny's lips into a grim frown. Her small brown eyes shot little angry sparks at the gigglers.

"That is very true, Miss Pollard," soothed the minister peacefully. "I am sure we have all done our best to make Joel feel at home in our midst."

Mrs. Deacon Spinning bit her thread with a sharp click of her false teeth and folded up the gingham apron she had completed. "Seems like I'll never forgive myself if Joel Tykesbury goes away from Little River feeling sore about the way he's been treated. I don't believe any of you really know just how kind hearted he is. Only he's dreadful shy, and it's a setback to him."

"He was terrible non-committal," announced Fanny Pollard, with the air of one who is treading familiar ground. "Many's the time I've sat and pondered what Joel meant when he said such and such a thing."

"Most times I reckon he didn't mean nothing at all," said Mrs. Spinning cheerfully. "I take it Joel was shy. But, land, why are we all talking about him as if he was dead and waiting to be buried? If Joel Tykesbury don't like the way he's been treated here he's not going to stay in Little River for nobody. I'm sorry he's going, for I do like him. Once he shut up his shop and came over and helped Henry get in his hay when it was threatening a storm, and another time when Linny had the measles he went clean over to the Ford after Dr. Mitchell and didn't want to hear a word of thanks either."

"And giving away his furniture—ain't that the queerest thing? I s'pose likely he's going to board when he gets to the city," murmured Annie Baker.

"Maybe he is going to get married. Now I come to think of it I shouldn't wonder a mite if that was the secret of his going. He's going to get married to a widder, maybe, and she, having a houseful of furniture left by her first husband, won't have no need for Joel's things." Mrs. Spinning beamed around the busy circle. "I'm mighty glad to think he's going to get married. He's just the nicest kind of man. He'll make some girl a good husband. I'm disappointed, though. I kinder hoped he'd pick a wife from Little River."

There was a long silence after this, broken only by requests for the "sixty white thread" or the "forty black," until at last Mrs. Willowell, at whose house they had met, announced that refreshments would be served in the dining room, and so for the time being Joel Tykesbury and his affairs were forgotten.

Joel himself, having given away his furniture and disposed of his business, sat in his lonely room in the best hotel the village afforded and wondered what he would do next.

"I'll shake the dust of this here village from my feet," said Joel morosely, eying his reflection in the wavy mirror with a gloomy frown. "There won't be one person that will miss me when I'm gone. If I'd been treated decent here I'd never thought of leaving Little River. It would have done the village good to spend my money here. I could build a house as fine as Lawyer Beggs and live on my interest money. The women ain't never noticed me much, and I ain't a bad looking feller." Joel reddened as he lifted shy eyes at his reflection in the mirror. Good looking in spite of the irregularities in the glass—thick growing brown hair, brown eyes, steady and trustworthy in their open gaze and yet with a certain diffidence in their depths; a fine nose and a wide, well cut mouth showing reserve in its firmness. In fact, Joel Tykesbury was a handsome man, and although he was forty years old there was not a thread of white in his abundant hair.

Suddenly he arose and, approaching the glass, brushed his hair into some semblance of order. "I'll go to New York tomorrow night, and now, after I've had my supper, I'll say goodby to some of the folks that I've had acquaintance with."

Joel's scowl was quite black when he rang the doorbell at Spinning's; therefore when the portal swung wide and the hall shed a stream of light over his form he blinked and winced like an owl.

"It's Joel Tykesbury, as I live!" cried Mrs. Spinning heartily. "Now, this is real neighborly! Come right in and have a bite to eat. We've just sat down to supper. Henry, here's Joel come to supper!"

"Henry," she said, addressing her husband, "eat your supper quick and be about what I planned. Tonight at 9 o'clock—everybody, you understand?" Mrs. Spinning nodded and frowned and smiled at her husband.

"I'll see to it, Maria," he chuckled softly. Then, addressing their guest, he said, "When you going to leave Little River, Joel?"

"Tomorrow night," said Joel, helping himself to another biscuit.

"Wish you was going to stay," said the deacon cordially. "You'll be missed, Joel."

"Missed!" scoffed Mr. Tykesbury, forgetting his diffidence in his astonishment. "Who'll miss me?"

"Everybody in Little River," said the deacon quietly. "There's few here but what you've done a good turn for some time or other. You've forgotten 'em, I suppose, but folks haven't! They like to see you around, and if you wasn't so bashful you'd be the most popular man in the village, not even excepting the postmaster. Eh, Maria?"

"Of course he would! You look so stern, Joel, that it seems to some folks that you're a stony pillar of the church—in deed as well as name!" Mrs. Spinning laughed heartily, while Joel smiled in a surprised manner.

"Me bashful?" he stammered. "Why, I never thought about that, I guess. I thought folks wasn't cordial enough when they thought I wasn't."

"You've got to meet folks half way in everything. 'Tain't fair to expect some to do all the being pleasant and sociable. Well, Maria, I'll go on that errand if Joel will excuse me. See you later!" With that the deacon disappeared, and Joel helped Mrs. Spinning clear away the dishes.

"Do you recollect my niece, Charlotte Wayland?" she asked as they stepped into the front parlor and lighted the prism hung lamp on the center table. "She was visiting me ten years ago."

Joel flushed hotly. Indeed, he did remember the pretty girl at whom he scarcely dared glance in church, yet to whom he had irrevocably lost his heart. Much of the silence and loneliness of the past ten years might be laid at the door of his heart's sadness after pretty Charlotte had returned to her distant home. He heard afterward that she had married.

"I remember," he said faintly.

"She's in Little River. Come to visit my sister. Charlotte's a widow and as pretty a one as I ever saw. I declare, it don't seem proper for a widow to be quite so good looking as our Charlotte." Mrs. Spinning smiled innocently as she thrust a photograph into Joel's hand. "That's Charlotte. She's coming around tonight, and you'll have to see her home."

At that instant the bell rang clamorously, and, with a slight chuckle of delight, Mrs. Spinning hastened to answer it, while Joel devoured the picture with his eyes, now hopeful, no longer shy or diffident. Their depths contained a new purpose, a new light, a new courage. Here was something to fight for and win—Charlotte Wayland that was!

The door opened, and into the room streamed a merry crowd of men, women and children. All the folks in Little River seemed gathered together under Deacon Spinning's hospitable roof. "Surprise, Joel Tykesbury!" they cried in unison as they crowded around him.

In that brief moment of excitement of meeting all these old acquaintances in this genial atmosphere they dropped the old guise and became friends. Joel swallowed a sob as he realized that they had gathered to say goodby to him, to say how sorry they were he was leaving Little River, to give him a sendoff and to say to him that every latchstring in Little River was always out for Joel Tykesbury.

That was the beginning of the happiest evening Joel had ever known. Before it ended he had forever dropped his cloak of reserve, and he found that his fellow townsmen met him more than half way. A strange new joy sang in his heart, for the widowed Charlotte had blushed beautifully when their eyes met and he had asked the pleasure of her company home and been accepted. All at once his plans changed with lightning rapidity. He would remain in Little River. He would build the house, and Charlotte—he would win her! He was glad that his inheritance was still a secret.

"Joel Tykesbury seems to have found his tongue at last," said Miss Fanny Pollard rather acidly. "Seems like he's all took up over that flighty widow. I guess Maria Spinning knew what she was talking about when she said he was going to marry a widow."

Mrs. Spinning overheard the remark and smiled mirthfully. "I didn't know a thing, Fanny. Charlotte's coming now was a dispensation of providence."

"Dispensation of providence, assisted by Maria Spinning!" sniffed Miss Pollard, quite unconvinced.

Early Combines and Corners.

"Engrossing" was an offense punishable in England by fine and imprisonment, and the laws against it struck at those—called "engrossers"—who planned to gain control over necessities, such as grain or foodstuffs in considerable quantities, either by purchase or otherwise, with the intention of raising prices. The statute book holds quite a series of enactments designed to prevent anything in the nature of what we know as a "corner" or "combine." "Regrating" was a criminal offense, and so was "forestalling." The former consisted of buying and selling the same day in the same market or near it, and the latter implied the purchase of merchandise on the way to market or before the hour at which the market commenced with the intention of selling at a profit, while it was also "forestalling" to circulate rumors calculated to raise the prices of commodities. Though these laws have fallen into desuetude, they were in force in our grandfathers' time.—London Mail.

He Let Her Sleep.

Some years ago a Swansea vessel was caught in a terrible gale. The captain had his wife on board, and when the wind was still rising he told her to go down below and sleep, for all was well. He remained on the bridge till the mate came up and said: "We've done all we can. Hadn't you better tell the chaps to get out the boats?"

"Yes, yes, my lad, if you think so," said the captain, who knew the only choice left was whether to go down with the ship or in a small boat, which couldn't live ten seconds in that sea. The engineers came up with the news that the fires were all out. "Very well, my lads," said the captain quietly; "save yourselves if you can."

"Won't you fetch the wife on deck, sir?" asked one of the men.

"No," was the calm reply; "let her sleep, poor old girl. I am going down to have a smoke." And, smoking by the bedside of his sleeping wife, he went down with the ship.

Modern Maps.

There are Egyptian maps dating from 1500 B. C., but in spite of this long history it has been strangely difficult to make progress in charts until very recent times. Errors are perpetuated, truth is forgotten, advance is slow. As late as 1880 charts of the Alaskan coast issued by the United States were said to be thirty miles wrong, and nearly all commercial map makers still represent mountain chains as caterpillars, and the fringe of the shore is adorned with a blue wavy rill. As for railroad maps, the less said the better, the great railroad map of the northern belt of the United States adorning the walls of the Broad street Pennsylvania station in Philadelphia being distorted east and west, north and south and otherwise, its accuracy in large part not being over 30 per cent, yet it is a more than usually good railroad map.—Engineering Magazine.

The Last Gladiators.

It was in A. D. [illegible] that the edict was passed which forever abolished the gladiatorial combats. In the deserts of Lybia there lived a monk named Telemachus, who, touched by the cruel stories of the combats, went to Rome, leaped over the barrier of the arena of the Coliseum, threw himself between the groups of fighters and implored them in the name of Christ to desist. Telemachus fell, slain by the swords of the gladiators, but there never was another fight in the Coliseum. The spirit of the monk had its effect, and the above mentioned edict was soon passed.

Cruikshank's Fagin.

During the time Cruikshank was illustrating "Oliver Twist" he spent days traversing the east end of London in search of a face that would correspond with his conception of the character of Fagin. One day while standing before a mirror in his dining room "pulling faces at himself," so to speak, for the want of something better to do, he accidentally made the features for which he was looking. The picture, therefore, of Fagin is really that of Cruikshank himself.

At Last.

A well known clergyman, called to other duties, says a writer in the Western Christian Advocate, preached his last sermon before the installation of his successor. The local paper, in announcing the order of services, gave it as follows:

"Sermon by the Rev. Blank; solo and quartet, 'Hushed at Length.'"

His Wanderings.

Stranger—What wonderful tales old Blinks relates! He must have been a great traveler in his day. Native—He was never outside the county in his life; but, you see, his mind has wandered for years.

Just Like Eggs.

Miss A.—So your wife keeps you continually in hot water, you poor man. Mr. B.—Oh, that's all right. We husbands are like eggs. Keep us in hot water and we become hardened.—Boston Transcript.

A Long Run.

Property Man—Did your company have a long run in Squedunk? Comedian—They chased us only two miles out.—Chicago News.

Her Ideal.

"What is your ideal man?"

"One who is clever enough to make money and foolish enough to spend it."—Variety Life.

Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.—Edward Moore.

Mrs. Fones and the Brass Key

How She Discovered Her Husband's Secret

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Goodby, dear," said Henry Fones as he kissed his pretty wife farewell. "Expect me home on Friday," and he dashed for the elevator. Pauline waved him a last goodby from the window, five stories above the sidewalk, and then proceeded to set her house in order.

In due course she reached the bedroom, where the belongings of her husband were scattered from one end of the apartment to the other. She was hanging up a blue serge coat when a brass key tumbled from a pocket and struck the polished floor with a challenging ring.

"What a funny key!" thought Pauline as she picked it up and examined it closely.

"What a curious key!" she remarked after awhile. "I wonder what door it fits." Whereupon Pauline Fones, who was ordinarily the least curious of young women, deliberately tried to fit that key into every keyhole in the apartment, not even omitting the chiffoniers and the refrigerator.

Mrs. Fones was baffled in her effort to find a keyhole to fit the brass key, and now she sat down, warm and rather out of sorts, to examine the thing. It was of quaint design, with a long slender shank terminating in a twisted handle. Complicated, indeed, must be the lock which this key fitted. Perhaps it was the key to some piece of furniture in the railroad office, where her husband was assistant to the claim agent, and so she laid it aside and tried to forget all about it.

But all sorts of unwelcome thoughts crowded her brain as she went to and fro, and she could not repress a shudder each time she passed the shining key.

Before she sat down to a solitary luncheon Pauline determined to banish the specter of suspicion that haunted her now, to her own dismay. She carried the brass key to the clothes press and dropped it in the pocket of the blue serge coat with a little laugh at her own foolishness in distrusting such a simple, open minded man as Henry was. As she withdrew her hand her fingers touched a bit of paper, and Pauline blushed as she found herself drawing out several yellow telegrams fastened together with a brass clip.

She read the first message, that on top of the pile, and sank down upon the nearest chair with a frightened cry. Her suspicions had not been groundless. What was this dreadful thing her husband had done—was about to do?

The message stood out clearly—nay, it blazed in her dismayed eyes:

J. Henry Fones—Sending body today. Wire if you can use it. Fair condition.
BONNEY.

The other telegrams referred to the same gruesome subject; other bodies had been sent, some in "nice condition," others "badly broken," still others "bad, beyond repair."

The first one, however, bore the date of the day before, and her husband's sudden departure for a vague "out of town" destination furnished a clew to the messages. Her husband had appeared embarrassed when she pressed him for a reason for his sudden departure; now she recollected that these mysterious absences had been occurring with greater frequency as the spring advanced.

He had been looking haggard and careworn of late, and he had complained of being dead tired day after day. Was all the mystery to be disclosed by the finding of the brass key and the incriminating telegrams? She must find Henry at once and beg him, persuade him, to cease this horrible traffic in— Pauline shuddered and closed her eyes.

But not for long. She was a plucky little woman, and now that her eyes were opened she lost no time in seeking her husband.

Her first act was to telephone his office and casually inquire where a telegram would reach the assistant claim agent. The reply made her heart beat faster as she hastily dressed herself to go out:

"Mr. Fones is at Cliffedge—you can reach him today or tomorrow by wire if it is a personal matter."

"It is personal," said Pauline.

Cliffedge—of all places! That little summer resort on the shore where she and Henry had hoped to build a cottage some day. What was he doing there, unless—unless this awful business was transacted in that peaceful spot?

Quite convinced that her husband was temporarily insane, Pauline purchased a ticket for Cliffedge and hastened to the side of that unfortunate man. In her hand bag were the brass key and the bunch of telegrams.

It was a brief half hour's ride to Cliffedge, and she was glad to leave the stuffy coach and emerge into the crisp, salt laden air of the seashore. A short ride in the long stage, a hesitating inquiry of the red faced driver, and she was set down at the end of a long plank walk that skirted the beach.

"Foller that walk and you'll find Mr. Fones down to his cottage—it's the last one in the row and sets off by itself," advised the driver as he whipped up his horses and left her standing there, a forlorn little figure weighted by a terrible secret.

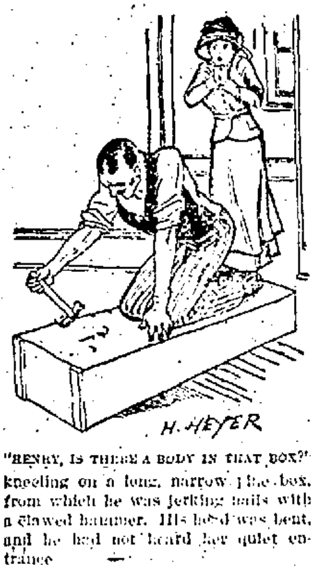
The cottages were empty, for it was the month of May and the season had been backward, but the last cottage in the row bore unmistakable signs of occupancy.

It was the sweetest cottage—the very cottage she and Henry had dreamed of building. She had seen the plan in her favorite magazine and cut it out and pasted it in a little scrap book she had compiled from various advertisements of house furnishings and illustrated articles on seaside homes.

Now it was before her. What malevolent distemper had prompted her husband to select her house of dreams for this dreadful secret of his? She crept around to the front door, which faced the sea, and was relieved to see that newspapers were pinned up at the windows. She pulled out the brass key and thrust it in the lock.

It fitted perfectly, and the bolt shot easily back. The door yielded to her light pressure, and she entered a small living room.

She stepped softly across the floor and paused. Within a second room was her husband, coatless, hatless, kneeling on a long, narrow pine box, from which he was jerking nails with a clawed hammer. His head was bent, and he had not heard her quiet entrance.



"HENRY, IS THERE A BODY IN THAT BOX?"

All at once Pauline was cool and collected. "Henry," she said evenly; "is there a body in that box?"

Mr. Fones sat back on his heels, his mouth wide open, a guilty expression in his eyes. "Polly!" he gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"Henry, is there a body in that box?" repeated his wife calmly.

"A—a—what?" demanded Henry Fones, aghast.

Pauline's voice was unwavering. "A body!"

Henry arose and went around the box and placed a loving hand on her shoulder. "Polly, what is the matter? Are you ill?" he queried anxiously.

"Henry Fones," she quavered all of a sudden, "how could you do it? I have discovered everything!"

"Everything?" repeated her husband sheepishly. "And I believed I had covered my trail pretty thoroughly. I didn't want you to know, dearest."

"I should think not!" cried Pauline hysterically. "Oh, Henry, you must fly at once, but first do get rid of the—the—bodies!"

Henry Fones shook his wife vigorously. "Polly Fones, are you crazy with your talk of bodies? What do you mean?" he demanded sternly, and it was this tone of his that brought Pauline back to herself.

"I have found all these, Henry," she said, bringing out the batch of telegrams. "All your dreadful secret."

Mr. Fones scanned them carelessly. "What about 'em?" he demanded.

"What do they mean, [illegible]?" She pointed accusingly to the fatal word in each message.

For one instant he stared, puzzled, then he threw his head back in a roar of laughter that echoed through the little house. "Bless your dear heart, Polly," he said at last, wiping the tears from her pretty eyes, "you've been a railroad man's wife for three years and don't know that it means freight car bodies. Some of them have been in wrecks and need repairing, and others are worn out. When they take the trucks from under them the upper part is called the 'body.' Oh, lordy, what a lot of incriminating evidence you've piled up against me!" He folded her in his arms and kissed away her chagrin. He magnanimously forgave her for her lack of faith in him; he explained to her that the numbers at the end of the message signified the serial number of the car and was its mark of identity.

Then she told him about the brass key and asked the question which had been hovering on her lips for several minutes, "What are you doing here, Henry Fones?" and Henry Fones promptly explained.

"It's the House o' Dreams, dear—it's my surprise for our wedding anniversary, the 15th of June. I've worked every spare moment since the outside was completed to get it ready for you. I borrowed three days from my vacation in order to run down here, and now I am discovered! Don't smother me, quite, Polly, darling! Oh, I almost forgot—the first question you asked me, dear. This long box contains—don't shudder—window shades!"

"I feel like Bluebeard's wife," smiled Pauline as she gave the brass key to her husband.

"Look there, Polly, read that," returned Henry, holding the brass key close to her eyes.

There on the slender shank something was engraved in fine lettering. "House o' Dreams," it said.

All at once the lettering was hidden by the happy tears that fell from Pauline's eyes.

WALL STREET.

The Human Side of New York's Great Financial Quarter.

To the man who looks from without upon Wall street it seems a place of deep and dangerous mystery, a region of dens and caves and labyrinths full of perils which threaten loss and perhaps ruin to him who enters there. And such in too many instances it has proved to be. But nevertheless there is a decided human side to Wall street. It is perhaps the most "two faced" street in the world. Here men who occupy the highest pinnacle of financial success and who are powerful kings, in fact, daily brush elbows with office boys and bank messengers, "get-rich-quick" highwaymen, silly and pretty girl stenographers, curb brokers and curb merchants and sharp tongued and ready witted "newsies"—with all the motley tide that flows into "the street" each morning and ebbs back again at night.

Wall street may be said to be the most democratic street in the world, for all its vast wealth. There is no street where a crowd will gather more quickly than there, even upon the smallest pretext. It may be a street faker selling some newfangled toy or a man gilding the ball on a flagpole 500 feet up in the air. A suffragette making a speech would transfer practically the entire population from a dozen skyscrapers to the "standing room only" in her immediate vicinity. But unless one hurries he will not get a good view of the fair creature, for soon she is lost from view in masses of ticker tape tossed in reels from the nearby office windows, a favorite sport among the brokerage house clerks.

This sort of thing usually takes place during the noon hour, and at that time all work is suspended at the first sound of a band in the distance. Everybody flies to the curb. Business can wait in this busiest of streets for most anything before 2 o'clock, when the chimes of Trinity sound the afternoon session and "the street" settles down to its serious business of making financial history.

Such is the everyday "outside" of the crooked street, "with the river at one end and a cemetery at the other, which has sent scores upon scores to one or the other—the street with a destiny."—Strand Magazine.

Ghosts Without Heads.

Speaking of ghosts, the London Chronicle says that "headless coaches" are fairly numerous in England. The most famous is the one that drives once a year, on the anniversary of Anne Boleyn's execution, up the avenue at Blickling, her Norfolk home. The coachman and the four horses have not a head between them, and Anne's own is not upon her shoulders, but she holds it in her lap as she sits in the coach, all in white. At the hall door the whole apparition vanishes. Anne's father, Sir Thomas, also rides in a coach drawn by headless horses once a year, and his ride is much more exciting than his daughter's. He has to cross forty county bridges during the night and a company of yelling demons pursues the coach to keep the horses going. But how do the horses hear the noise if they have no ears?

A Shadow Fifty Miles Long.

The peak of Teneriffe projects a huge shadow stretching upward of fifty miles across the deep and partly eclipsing the adjoining islands. Exaggerated shadows of immense size are commonly seen in many other places. On the Harz mountains the so called Specter of the Brocken throws gigantic shadows of mountain climbers into the sky, repeating every movement made by them. The same occurs on the summit of Pambamarca, in Peru.

On the tops of Alpine peaks and on the summit of Ben Lomond, in Scotland, mists in one case and rarefied air in the other explain these optical illusions. The same causes produce also colored shadows, varying at each hour of the day and traceable to the dispersion of the solar rays.—Scientific American.

As to the Fireplace.

The sides of a fireplace should be well splayed or beveled in order to reflect the heat, says Arts and Decoration. The back should lean forward at the top for the same purpose, and the fireplace should not be too deep. A projecting chimney produces an effect of pushing the guest away, whereas a receding one beckons him nearer to enjoy the hospitality of the open fire. For this reason the inglenook—that is, the fireplace built into the wall of the room—is especially cozy and attractive.

A Bird Mystery.

After years of study devoted to the topic Professor Alfred Newton of Cambridge stated that without doubt bird migration is the greatest mystery to the entire animal kingdom. "A mystery," he added, "that can be no more explained by the modern man of science than by the simple minded savage of antiquity."

Inquisitiveness.

"One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," quoted the wise guy.

"That's right," agreed the simple mug. "Men are not so inquisitive as women."—Philadelphia Record.

One Want.

"What the world is waiting for," said a man whose garments glistened, "is some sort of a simple, easily applied and inexpensive preparation that would give a dull finish to shiny coats."—New York Sun.

Reason's whole pleasure lies in these words: Health, peace and competence. —Pope.

CLOTH IN THE MAKING.

The Way the Uncouth Product of the Loom Is Finished.

Every woven fabric is made by crossing or interlacing two distinct series of threads together. When the yarn comes from the spinner it is mounted upon the loom in spools, writes Rupert Bowers in Harper's Weekly. So wonderfully automatic are these modern looms that when a bobbin is emptied it is forced out and a full spool is put in its place without stopping the loom. There are all classes of looms for all classes of material, from the thinnest fabrics up to the thickest felts. To attempt to describe one of them or the principles on which they are constructed would involve the reader in a wilderness of technicalities. The power loom is one of the most remarkable and complex of mechanical products, the growth of many years of experience and ingenuity and the crystallization of the inventive genius of many minds.

The cloth in the shop window resembles the cloth as it comes from the loom so remotely that there would seem to be no relationship between them. The first product of the loom is usually uncouth, harsh and anything but inviting in appearance. It has to pass through many processes before it is finished and made ready for the market. It is first mended so as to correct weaving faults as far as possible. Then it is scoured and thoroughly cleansed. Again it is looked over and mended before it passes to the fulling or milling machine, which, with soap and fuller's earth, produces the finish that is required. Then it is scoured again.

Tentering is the next process. This sets the cloth at a satisfactory width and straightens it for the operations that follow, the first of which is called raising. The millions of tiny hooks on the gigging machine raise up the fibers on the surface of the cloth and leave them in an upright position. The pile or nap is the result. This produces a remarkable change in the appearance and condition of the fabric. Shearing is the next thing. This cuts off all the raised fibers, leaving them of a uniform length. The required gloss and solidity are obtained by the pressing which follows.

A JOLLY TIME AT HOME.

Advice to the Man Whose Wife Is Away on a Vacation.

During any time when your wife is on an extended visit with her relatives you can save money from your board allowance by keeping house for yourself. You may find the following suggestions helpful:

If you forget to order ice you can render the butter serviceable in the following manner: Take a cut glass finger bowl and fill it with cool water. Scrape the butter into the finger bowl. When ready to spread your bread extract your butter in quantities as needed with the cucumber lifter. That's that flat silver spoon with holes in it.

If you smell smoke you will doubtless find the lamp is smoking and the room is covered with soot. First turn the wick down to save oil, then get a damp cloth and go over everything carefully, rinsing out the cloth from time to time. When cleaning the walls use only a downward motion, so that the streaks will all run vertically.

Not having your wife's social charm, you will doubtless be given tough steak by your butcher. One way to make steak tender is to run it repeatedly through the sewing machine. Use a coarse needle, but no thread. The bobbin trough will catch the juice, which can be used later for gravy. If you take out the bobbin first you will have more room for the juice.—Walter A. Dyer in Delineator.

A Washless Washboard.

"Women haven't the artistic temperament," complained the orchestra musician to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "That's why I am unmarried. Oh, yes, I was married once. I thought to acquire a woman who could take care of my home, make a little domestic place of refuge for me and all that, but the dream soon fled.

"A few days after I was married my bride came to me and said: 'Dear, that new washboard you got for me is no good at all. I can't wash your socks on it.'

"'Washboard!' says I. 'Why, I never bought you a washboard.' But she led me out into the kitchen and showed me what she'd been scrubbing away on all the morning. Great heavens! It was my new xylophone."

Rebuking an Emperor.

Once, so the story goes, Emperor Nicholas of Russia asked Liszt to play in his presence. The musician complied, but during the performance the czar started a conversation with an aid-de-camp. Liszt stopped playing at once. The czar asked what was the matter. "When the emperor speaks," said Liszt, "every one must be silent." The czar smilingly took the hint, and the playing proceeded.

Didn't Have To.

"Did you hear the rain in the night?"

"Yes."

"Pleasant music, wasn't it?"

"I didn't notice the music. I was too busy hustling around closing the windows. Didn't it keep you busy too?"

"Oh, no! We rent a furnished house, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Concession.

"How do you know she's older than you are?"

"Why, she admitted it herself."

"Honestly? What did she say?"

"She said, 'You and I are just the same age, dearie.'"—Toledo Blade.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge No. 389 meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28 meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
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Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
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Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

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In the Swim

A Country Boy Is Introduced Into City Society

By LYDIA B. GASKELL

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Johnny Beem, a farmer's boy, nineteen years old, stood six feet in his stockings; his limbs were long, well shaped and put together in graceful curves; a Byronic head was set on a well turned neck, which in turn rested between a pair of broad shoulders. Johnny was beloved by every girl within fifty miles of his father's farm, but as he loved every girl he was in no danger from any one of them.

Johnny was fairly intelligent, too, and read all the books that he could get his hands on. But the chief charm about him—even greater than his manly beauty—was his ingenuousness. He knew nothing about the artificial devices to make himself liked. He would not intentionally hurt a fly, but if he did so accidentally would not know enough about manners to beg the fly's pardon.

The farm, its products, live stock, everything pertaining to country life was Johnny's delight. As for a horse, he not only loved the animal, but knew all about him. One day Johnny went to the races. In order to see the track he climbed up on a coach occupied by some swells. His remarks about the different runners interested these persons immensely. And what interested them more was that he invariably picked the winner. One of the men on the coach asked him a lot of questions and when the races were over took his address.

One day this gentleman, a Mr. Swinbourne, drove up to the farm gate and, calling for Johnny, told him there were to be more races and he wished Johnny to go to them with him. On the way Swinbourne told Johnny he wished him to name the winning horses; that he, Swinbourne, would bet as Johnny told him to bet and he would give Johnny 10 per cent of his winnings. Swinbourne in this way made $10,000 and in the course of a year, by Johnny's advice, made a fortune. He paid his adviser his share of the profits and then asked him if there was anything else he could do for him.

"I would like," said Johnny, "to be introduced among the swells."

Swinbourne looked at the handsome youngster for a moment, then said: "Johnny, I'll do it. But you'll need a wardrobe and must let me do a lot of coaching."

Johnny agreed, and Swinbourne told him to report at his club in the city on a certain date.

Now, if there was one among all the girls whom Johnny loved better than the others it was Hepsi Jones. This was proved by the fact that she was the only one of the lot whom he told he was going to the city to be introduced into society. Hepsi put out her hand to him and said:

"Goodby, Johnny; I never expect to see you in the country again. You'll marry some city girl. Indeed, I would not advise you to come back after becoming used to city ways. Our ways here will be distasteful to you. You'll neither feel at home with us nor will we feel at home with you."

"If I thought that, Hepsi, I wouldn't go. Indeed, I'm minded to stay on the farm."

"Do nothing of the kind. Go and mingle with these people, and if you like them better than farmers' folk stay among them; if not, come back to us."

Johnny decided to take this advice and went to the city. He met Swinbourne at the club, and Swinbourne told him that since all social festivities went by seasons among society people and it was then springtime he must provide himself with golf suits, tennis suits and garments appropriate for horseback riding. Then, after considerable shopping and Johnny had been outfited, Mr. Swinbourne gave a dinner for him at the Country club.

Johnny was so handsome in farm dress that he retained a good deal of comeliness in the conventional evening costume of a city man. Indeed, all the women present considered him an Adonis. Their own costumes were more becoming to them, though he said they all seemed to be incased in strait jackets. Before sitting down to dinner cocktails were handed round. Johnny was surprised to see every woman present drink a cocktail. When the waiter offered him one he thanked him and said he preferred a glass of milk. Fortunately Swinbourne was the only person who heard him. He took the cocktail from the tray and put it in Johnny's hand.

Johnny was much confused at the multiplication of plates put in front of him, and, as for forks and knives, he had never used so many at home in half a dozen meals. But he kept an eye on his neighbors and by imitating them got on very well. Wines and liquors were distasteful to him, and he drank only what he felt obliged to drink; consequently at the end of the dinner he was thoroughly conscious of the condition of the party. On the whole, he was not especially well pleased at his initiation among the swells.

But the next day brought things more to his taste. [illegible] took him to a polo field and when one of the players was [illegible] Johnny said he would like to take his place. Swinbourne succeeded in getting Johnny taken into the game, and, though the country boy had never played polo, he was so used to managing a horse that he won the game for his side, largely by his own efforts. This gave him great eclat.

Swinbourne instructed Johnny how to conduct himself toward the married women of society.

"You must be very deferential," he said, "to all of them, for it is the married woman who controls society. Never miss an opportunity to pass a compliment either upon a woman's beauty, her wit or some other real or fancied attraction. And do not fear to be considered a flatterer. The oldest, the fattest, the leanest of these society leaders are the most susceptible to compliments, for they are in dread of losing their grip on the world through the loss of their good looks, and delight in finding some one to tell them that they are not.

"You may also make a little thin love to them, nothing pronounced, nothing spoken, except as I have explained, by way of compliment, remembering that it is a compliment to love a woman as well as to praise her beauty. They will understand that this lovemaking is but a pretense and will take it for what it is intended—a compliment. And don't worry for fear their husbands will overhear you. They understand it all as well as their wives and are obliged to act in the same way to other men's wives."

"And am I to observe the same rules among the girls?" asked the novice.

"By no means. We are fast drifting into European methods in that respect. It is not considered honorable to make love, either real or assumed, to a girl. If your fortune admits of marrying her you are expected to ask permission of her parents to pay your addresses. But none of our really prominent society girls will marry without getting an establishment with the husband."

"And after they are married?"

"They may receive all the attention they like. Since these marriages are for convenience—the money part of it, you know—the affections have nothing to do with them—that is, usually; therefore when the girl is married it is considered quite proper for her to have what we in society call a cavalier. She and her attendant may really love one another, but we expect them to conduct themselves with rigid propriety. At least there must be no scandal."

Through Mr. Swinbourne's influence, Johnny was invited to a dinner followed by a cotillion. The dinner passed off in the usual way, and then all proceeded to the ballroom. By this time Johnny knew a number of women, both married and single, with many of whom his ingenuous nature, together with his natural intelligence and manly beauty, had made him a favorite. It was explained to him that when a lady gave him a "favor" it meant an invitation to dance with her. Johnny expected to be "favored" by any or all of these ladies who had expressed an interest in him. What was his surprise and disappointment to be left entirely out in the cold. Unattractive men were dancing about him while he stood up against the wall. One snaggle toothed, blear eyed, baldheaded dwarf about four feet high was so covered with trophies that he looked like an admiral of many wars. Johnny asked who he was and was told that he was the Earl of Bontoddy, who had come to America in search of a multimillionaire wife.

The next day Swinbourne explained to Johnny that the reason he had not been "favored" was that the favors were used to pay off social obligations or else as a means to social climbing.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Swinbourne, for putting me in the swim," replied Johnny, "but I've had enough of it. I'm going back to the farm."

One bright morning Hepsi Jones stood on the porch sniffing the country air and watching the sunlight sparkle on the dew when, looking down the road, she saw a familiar figure coming. It was Johnny Beem dressed in his farm clothes. When he saw her he waved his hat in the air and shouted gayly:

"Home again!"

"Why, Johnny, what has happened? Wouldn't they have you in society?"

"I wouldn't have them."

He went up on the porch. She gave him her hand, and he pressed it fervently.

"Tell me about it," she said as they sat down on the side benches.

"Well, it's this way. A man can't make love to a girl, but he can to a married woman."

"You don't mean it!"

"And the women drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes the same as the men."

"Do tell!"

"And whatever they do to favor one another is for social climbing."

"What's that?"

"To get into a bigger swimming hole. None of the girls will marry an American unless he gives her an establishment. That means houses to live in, automobiles and thousands in the bank. But when a British lord comes over to get a wife to set him up with her money they swarm about him like bees."

"Even the girls that hadn't the millions?"

"Yes. It's a big thing to dance with an earl if he looks like a monkey."

"And you hadn't the establishment?"

"No, and I didn't want it nor the girl's either. I wanted to come back into the country that God made. And do you know, Hepsi, I've been thinking ever since I went to the city that there's one country girl I want, and I want her awful much."

"Who's that, Johnny?" she asked in a faltering voice and with a lowering of the eyes.

There was no reply in words. His arms around her waist told the story.

GERMAN LATCHKEYS.

Big Enough to Be Used as Weapons of Attack or Defense.

Locksmithing in Germany is today as important a trade as plumbing, blacksmithing or the vocation of the barber, says our consul at Hanover in a recent report. The first lock and key were introduced into Prussia in the fourteenth century and caused a considerable sensation at the palace of the elector of Brandenburg. He found that by these devices he could do away with the guard at his private doors and thus materially reduce his household expenses. Since that day the schlosser, or locksmith, has been an essential factor in German life.

The present German house key could be used as a weapon of attack and defense, besides serving its original purpose. It weighs on an average about one-eighth of a pound, and as each person entitled to carry a house and corridor key has nearly a quarter of a pound of soft iron in his pocket it is conservatively estimated that the amount of iron in circulation in Germany in the pockets of the men and in the hand bags of women amounts to 2,095 tons, besides an additional 2,500 tons for the keys to the interior of German homes. Thus something over 5,000 tons of iron are put into keys of a size to be found nowhere in America. However large the house or numerous the apartments, the outer door is locked promptly at 10 o'clock, and as the German spends many of his evenings out every person carries at least one of these massive keys to effect an entrance.

ANSWERED THE SIGNAL.

The King Sent the Reply, and the Captain Kicked Himself.

Rear Admiral Sir Colin Keppel was given the command of the royal yacht Victoria and Albert by King Edward, and on one occasion when the late king was on board his majesty thought he would like to steer the yacht for a little way.

Admiral Keppel took him to the wheel, and, having ascertained the proper course to steer, his majesty tried to keep the yacht in it, with rather poor success.

The vessel was being escorted by a squadron of cruisers, and the captain of one of these vessels, noticing the wabbly course of the Victoria and Albert, thought he would "rag" Admiral Keppel on his bad steering.

He signaled a sarcastic inquiry as to the erratic course of the yacht, and King Edward, seeing the string of flags go up, inquired their meaning.

Admiral Keppel went all the colors of the rainbow and tried to escape the question, but the king insisted. When at last he understood the meaning of the signal his majesty went off into peals of laughter, and after he had recovered a little he ordered a reply to be signaled.

A few minutes later the captain of the cruiser read this message: "Pray accept apologies, but am a bit out of practice.—Edward."

Then the captain retired to his cabin and kicked himself.—Pearson's Weekly.

Canes and Swords in Porto Rico.

Of all people perhaps none are more fond of canes or more skilled in their use than our fellow citizens of Porto Rico. The walking stick in that island would seem to mark social distinctions among men as fans do among women. Every Spaniard has a cane, the well to do own several, and the gilded youth often have a small arsenal of walking sticks. The term "arsenal" is used advisedly, as the Porto Ricans, like the Spaniards, have quite a fondness for sword canes and dagger canes, and they make these with remarkable skill. The blades of the finer specimens come from famous smiths in Toledo and other Spanish cities and are forged from the finest steel. Some are damascened, and others are inlaid with silver and gold; some have worked upon them the name of the owner and others the name of a patron saint.—Philadelphia Record.

All In Good Time.

Champ Clark at a dinner in Washington pleaded indulgence for a somewhat rambling speaker.

"He'll arrive," he said, "if you'll give him time. He is like Dr. Thirdly.

"Dr. Thirdly was dividing up his sermon into appropriate heads one Sunday morning when a member of the congregation shouted irascibly:

"'Meat, man! Give us meat!'

"'Well,' said Dr. Thirdly promptly, 'hold on, then, till I'm done carving.'"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

A Word of Wrath.

The word "rabbits" on board a Cornish fishing smack arouses the ire of the crew. Should the hated word be uttered as the boat is leaving the harbor on a pilchard expedition the speaker would stand a fair chance of being hurled overboard. The mere mention of "rabbits" destroys all chances of a "catch."—London Chronicle.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale on the premises in the Borough of Port Allegany, Pa., on

MONDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1911,

at 2 p. m., the following described pieces of property:

All that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the center of Harrison Street, distant south 60 degrees West [illegible] from the [illegible] of Harrison Street and [illegible] Street [illegible] North 30 [illegible] center of Harrison Street and the place of beginning. Being improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Also, All that piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a point in the West line of Hemlock Street, distant South 30 degrees East one rod from the Southeast corner of a lot deeded to E. W. Lampe; Thence along said West line of Hemlock Street South 30 degrees East eight rods to a corner; Thence south sixty degrees West fifty-six feet and one inch to a corner; Thence North 30 degrees West eight rods to the South line of an alley; Thence along same North 60 degrees East fifty-six feet and one inch to the place of beginning. Being improved and having thereon one frame barn. This lot to be sold subject to the purchase money due on a contract for the sale of said lot by A. N. Lillibridge to E. W. Lampe, bearing date May 25th, 1909, the balance due being $81.00 and interest from May 21st, 1909.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. W. Lampe at the suit of C. A. Holley.

C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Aug-3-3t

Smethport, Pa., August 1st, 1911.

Financial Statement

Of Keating Township School District for the School Year ending July 3, 1911:

F. A. Burdick, Treasurer.

Dr.		
To recd. from Former Treasurer	$ 175 50	
To recd. from A. G. Farley, Collector, 1909 Duplicate	500 00	
To recd. from A. G. Farley, Collector, 1910 Duplicate	6763 31	
To recd. from State Appropriation	3187 80	
To recd. from County Treasurer, unseated lands	1711 58	
To recd. from W. E. Scott	2 00	
To recd. from sale of hay and cement	1 53	12771 72
Cr.		
By paid teachers' wages	7812 50	
By paid for rent and repairs	222 85	
By paid for school supplies	374 27	
By paid for text books	34 60	
By paid for sanitary expenses	137 25	
By paid printing and auditors' fees	29 58	
By paid debt and interest	1813 00	
By paid Secretary's salary, postage, etc.	261 76	
By paid freight & material	152 22	
By paid for building & furnishing	157 81	
By paid for fuel and contingencies	375 94	
By paid for conducting county examination	20 00	
By paid for drawing pupils to school	[illegible]	
By paid for teachers attending Institute	[illegible]	
By paid for Pennsylvania School Journal	7 00	
By paid for Directors attending Institute	10 00	
By paid for High school tuition	385 50	
By paid for Attorney's fees	25 00	
By paid for Directors attending election of county superintendent	16 00	
By paid for Judges' expenses	12 00	
By paid for water, East Smethport school	12 00	
By commission on $12,[illegible] at 2 per cent.	247 70	
By amount turned over to C. D. Holsell, Treasurer	210 91	$12771 72

Liabilities of District.

Amount borrowed from Grange Bank	$ 2500 00	$2500 00

Resources.

Amount due from Collector Farley, 1910	$ 400 00	
Amount in Treasurer Holsell's hands	210 91	
Amount Tuition, estimated	[illegible]	
Amount Liabilities over Resources, by balance	[illegible]	[illegible]

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of F. A. Burdick, Treasurer of Keating Township School District, do find them as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
ALLEN OVIATT,
Auditors.

Aug. 10-4t

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the County of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of the court, and each court to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the County of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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